

CARMINA CENTUM.

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

BY

Rev. SAMUEL MORRISON.

BOSTON:

J. M. RUSSELL.

59 BROMFIELD ST.

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COL. 3d. 16th.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom ;
teaching and admonishing one another with Psalms, and
Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your
hearts unto God.

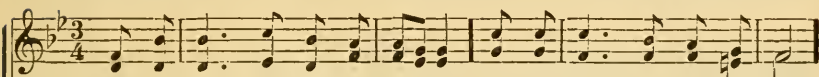
CARMINA CENTUM.

Enter, Heavenly Stranger.

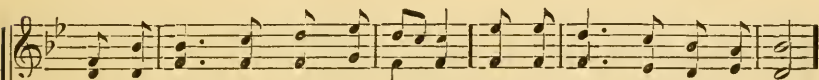
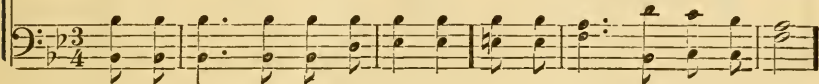
No. 1.

R. E. JEREMY,

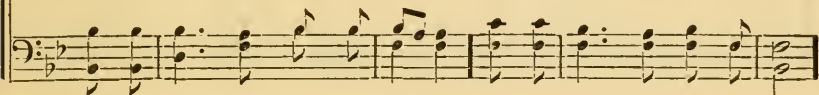
REV. S. MORRISON.



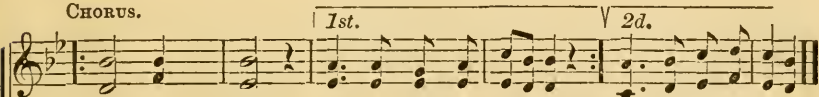
1. En - ter in, O Stranger knocking, At my heart's un - yielding door;
2. Long I've kept thee pa - tient wait - ing, Pa - tient wait - ing day by day;
3. En - ter in, O Heavenly Stranger, An - gel, thou, of God's own face;
4. En - ter in, thy ta - ble spread me, Break the bread, and pour the wine;



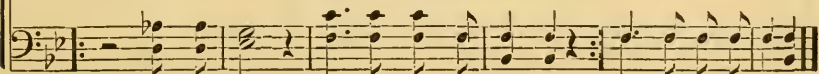
Ban - ish thou the tempters' mocking, That have held the place be - fore.
As I sin - ful and de - lay - ing, As I, hardened turned a - way.
From the paths of sin and dan - ger, Help me walk the paths of grace.
All my life long, hav - ing led me, When thou com - est, own me thine.



CHORUS.



En - ter in, En - ter Heavenly Stranger, Enter Heavenly Stranger.



En - ter in,

We love the place, O God.

No. 2.

W. H. BULLOCK.

S. M.

1. We love the place, O God, Wherein Thine hon - or dwells;
 2. We love the Word of Life, The Word that tells of peace;
 3. We love the place, O Lord, Wherein Thine hon - or dwells;

The joy of thine a - bode, All earth - ly joy ex - cels.
 Of com - fort in the strife, And joys that nev - er cease.
 The joy of thine a - bode, All earth - ly joy ex - cels.

It is the house of prayer, Wherein Thy ser - vants meet;
 We love to sing be - low, For mer - cies free - ly giv'n.
 Lord Je - sus, give us grace On earth to love Thee more,

And Thou, O Lord, art there, Thy cho - sen flock to greet.
 But O! we long to know The triumph song of Heav'n.
 In Heav'n to see Thy face, And with the saints a - dore.

The Faithful Comforter.

No. 3.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

REV. S. MORRISON,

1. To Thee, O Com - fort - er Di - vine, For all Thy grace and
 2. To Thee, Whose faith - ful voice doth win, The wand'ring from the
 3. To Thee, by Je - sns Christ sent down, Of all His gifts the
 4. To Thee, Who art with God the Son, And God the Fa - ther

pow'r be - nign, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!
 ways of sin, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!
 sum and crown, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!
 ev - er One, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!

Chorus.
 Sing we Al - le lu - ia! To thee O Com - fort -

- er Di - vine, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia.

Oh! had I my Saviour, the Wings of a Dove.

No. 4.

PSALM 55.

REV. H. F. LZTE.

S. M.

1. Oh! had I my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
 2. I flut - ter, I strug - gle, I long to be free,
 3. Ah! there the wild tem - pest for - ev - er shall cease,
 4. Soon, soon may this E - den of prom - ise be mine;

How soon would I soar to Thy pres - ence a - bove!
 I feel me I cap - tive while banished from thee!
 No bil - low shall ruf - fle that ha - ven of peace!
 Rise bright sun of glo - ry! no more to de - cline!

How soon would I flee where the wea - ry have rest,
 A pil - grim and stran - ger, the des - ert I roam,
 Temp - ta - tion and trou - ble, a - like shall de - part,
 Thy light, yet un - ris - en the wild - er - ness cheers;

And hide all my cares in thy shelt - er - ing breast!
 And look on to heaven, and fain would be home.
 All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.
 Oh! what will it be, when the full - ness ap - pears?

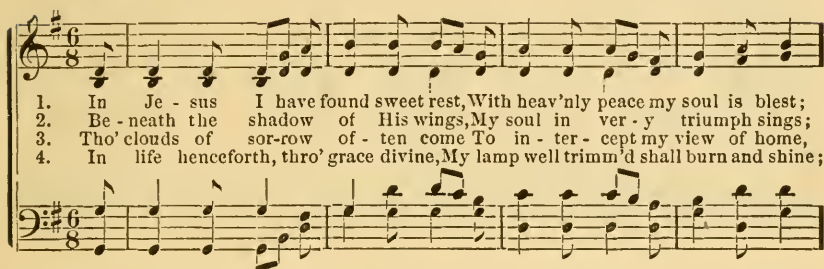
I am the Lord's.

No. 5.

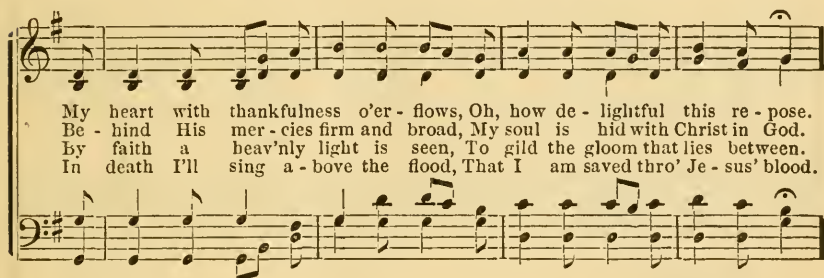
"He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—2 Tim., i, 12.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

BISHOP W. JOHNS.

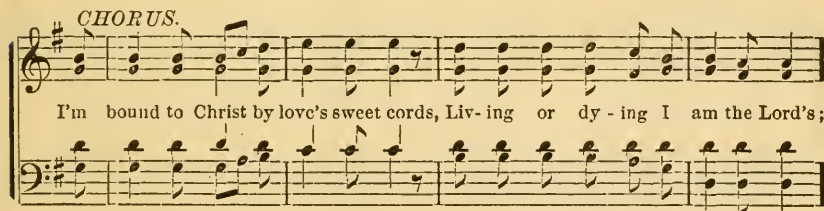


1. In Je - sus I have found sweet rest, With heav'nly peace my soul is blest;
 2. Be - neath the shadow of His wings, My soul in ver - y triumph sings;
 3. Tho' clouds of sor - row of - ten come To in - ter - cept my view of home,
 4. In life henceforth, thro' grace divine, My lamp well trimm'd shall burn and shine;

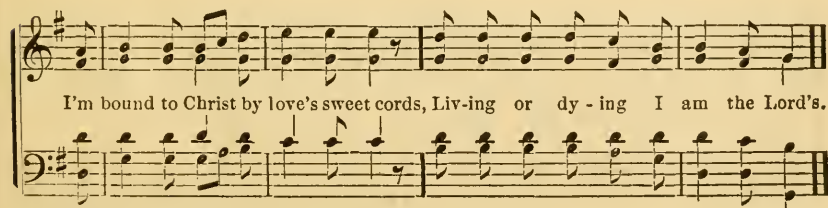


My heart with thankfulness o'er - flows, Oh, how de - lightful this re - pose.
 Be - hind His mer - cies firm and broad, My soul is hid with Christ in God.
 By faith a heav'nly light is seen, To gild the gloom that lies between.
 In death I'll sing a - bove the flood, That I am saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.



I'm bound to Christ by love's sweet cords, Liv - ing or dy - ing I am the Lord's;



I'm bound to Christ by love's sweet cords, Liv - ing or dy - ing I am the Lord's.

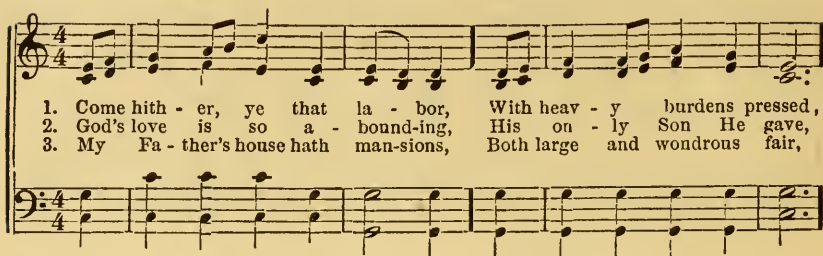
From "Gospel Bells" by per.

The Words of Jesus.

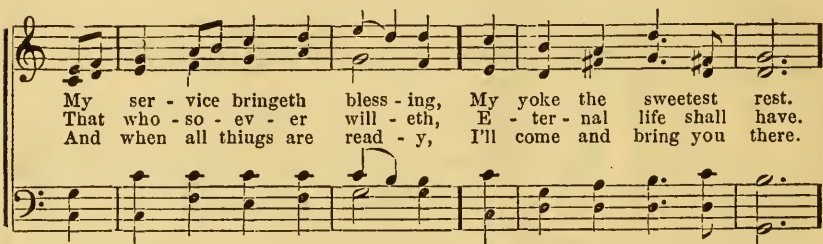
No. 6.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER.

Rev. S. MORRISON.

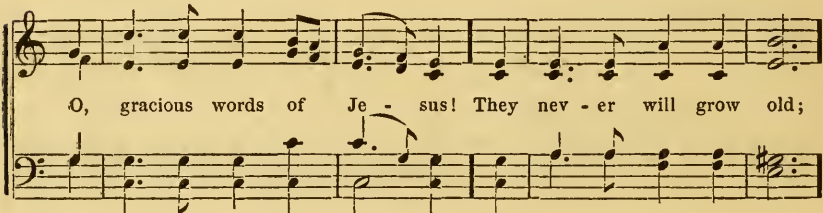


1. Come hith - er, ye that la - bor, With heav - y burdens pressed,
 2. God's love is so a - bound-ing, His on - ly Son He gave,
 3. My Fa - ther's house hath man-sions, Both large and wondrous fair,

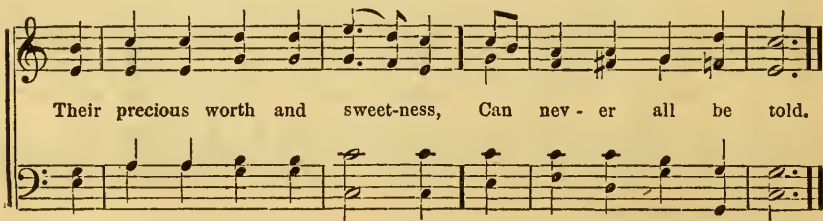


My ser - vice bringeth bless - ing, My yoke the sweetest rest.
 That who - so - ev - er will - eth, E - ter - nal life shall have.
 And when all things are read - y, I'll come and bring you there.

CHORUS.



O, gracious words of Je - sus! They nev - er will grow old;



Their precious worth and sweet-ness, Can nev - er all be told.

A little Talk with Jesus.

No. 7.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

MORRISON.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, No mat - ter when or where,
 2. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, When fool - ish - ly, the heart,
 3. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, When sor - rows cloud the mind,

D.C. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, No mat - ter when or where,

Fine

For noth - ing gives me com - fort, Like talk with Him in prayer.
 From hon - or, truth and vir - tue, Doth tempt me to de - part;
 And tri - als thick - ly gath - er, And friends have proved unkind;

For noth - ing gives me com - fort, Like talk with Him in prayer.

When doubts and fears as - sail me, And ev - il thoughts an - noy,
 When en - vy, pride and pas - sion, Doth in my soul bear sway,
 When faint and sick and wea - ry, And sore - ly pressed with grief,

D.C.

A lit - tle talk with Je - sus Will bring the sweet - est joy.
 A ltt - tle talk with Je - sus Will drive these foes a - wav.
 A lit - tle talk with Je - sus Will bring me blest re - lief.

Tell it to Jesus Alone.

No. 8.

J. E. RANKIN.

Matt. 14: 12.

Rev. S. MORRISON.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
 2. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
 3. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus. Are you grieving o-ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je-sus. Are you anxious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je-sus. For Christ's com-ing king-dom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone, Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus, He is a friend that's well known.

Tell it to Jesus Alone. Concluded.

You have no other such a friend or brother, Tell it to Jesus a-lone.

Christ is Coming!

No. 9.

J. R. MACDUFF,

S. MORRISON.

1. Christ is com-ing! let cre-a-tion Bid her groans and trav-ail cease;
 2. Earth can now but tell the sto-ry, Of thy bit-ter cross and pain;
 3. Long thy ex-iles have been pining, Far from rest, and home, and thee;
 4. With that bless-ed hope be-fore us, Let no harp re-main unstrung;

Let the glorious proc-la-mation, Hope restore, and faith increase;
 She shall yet be-hold thy glo-ry, When thou com-est back to reign;
 But in heav'nly ver-dure shining, Soon they shall thy glo-ry see;
 Let the mighty ad-vent chorus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue;

Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!
 Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Let each heart re-peat the strain.
 Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Haste the joyous ju-bi-lee.
 Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Lord Je-sus, quickly come.

God be with You.

No. 10.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. xvi, 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's per - ils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 From "Gospel Bells" by per.

The touch of Jesus.

No. 11.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

MORRISON.

1. The gracious touch of Je - sus, So won - der - ful to heal,
 2. The blind who cried for mer - cy, He touched, and lo, they see!
 3. The withered and the dy - ing, He touched to no - ble strife;

The balm for sin and sor - row, Doth God in Christ re - veal.
 And souls long held in bondage, He touched, and they are free.
 The dead, 'mid weep - ing mourners, His touch a - wake to life.

CHORUS.

The wondrous touch of Je - sus, So po - tent long a - go,

Is still the one thing needful, To save from guilt and woe.

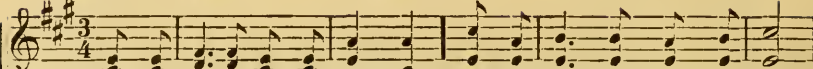
"Certainly I will be with Thee."

No. 12.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

Exodus lii: 12.


S. M.




1. 'Cer-tain-ly I will be with thee!' Fa-ther, I have found it true;
 2. 'Cer-tain-ly I will be with thee!' Let me feel it, Saviour dear,
 3. 'Cer-tain-ly I will be with thee!' Bless-ed Spir-it, come to me,
 4. 'Cer-tain-ly I will be with thee!' Star-ry prom-ise in the night!



To Thy faith-ful-ness and mer-cy, I would set my seal a-new.
 Let me know that Thou art with me, Ver-y pre-cious, ver-y near.
 Rest up-on me, dwell with-in me, Let my heart Thy tem-ple be;
 All un-cer-tain-ties, like shadows, Fade a-way be-fore its light.



All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou my help indeed hast been,
 On this day of sol-emn paus-ing, With Thy-self all long-ing still,
 Thro' the trackless year be-fore me, Ho-ly One with me a-bide!
 'Cer-tain-ly I will be with thee!' He hath spo-ken, I have heard!



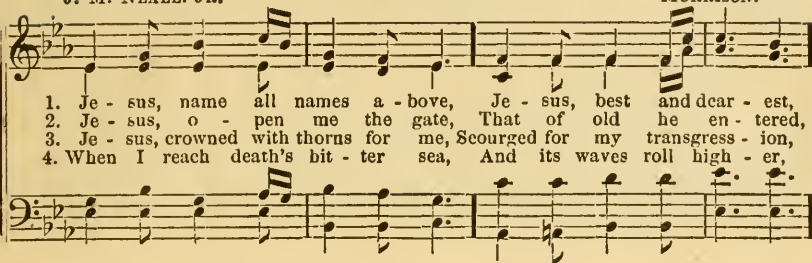
Mar-vel-lous the lov-ing-kindness Eve-ry day and hour hath seen.
 Let Thy par-don, let Thy pres-ence, Let Thy peace my spir-it fill.
 Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, Be my ev-er-pres-ent Guide.
 True of old, and true this mo-ment, I will trust Je-hovah's word.

Jesus, Name all Names Above.

No. 13.

J. M. NEALE, JR.

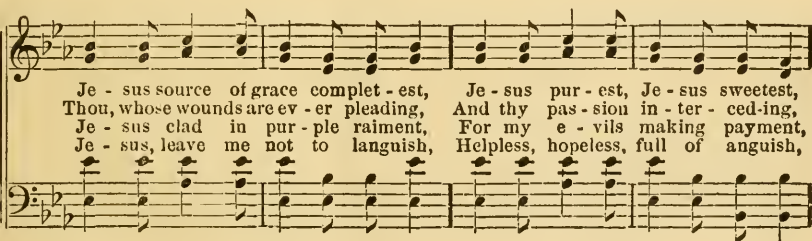
MORRISON.



1. Je - sus, name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est,
 2. Je - sus, o - pen me the gate, That of old he en - tered,
 3. Je - sus, crowned with thorns for me, Scourged for my transgress - ion,
 4. When I reach death's bit - ter sea, And its waves roll high - er.



Je - sus, fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, tend'rest, near - est.
 Who, in that most lost es - tate, Whol - ly on thee ven - tured;
 Wit - ness - ing through ag - o - ny, That, thy good con - fess - ion;
 Help the more for - sak - ing me, As the storm draws nigh - er,



Je - sus source of grace complet - est, Je - sus pur - est, Je - sus sweetest,
 Thou, whose wounds are ev - er pleading, And thy pas - sion in - ter - ced - ing,
 Je - sus clad in pur - ple raiment, For my e - vils making payment,
 Je - sus, leave me not to languish, Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish,



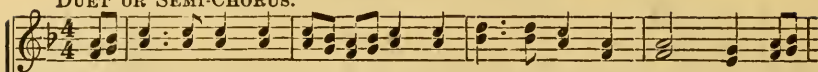
Je - sus, well of pow'r di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine.
 From my mis - ery let me rise To a home in Par - a - dise.
 Let not all thy woe and pain, Let not Cal - vary be in vain.
 Tell me, 'Ver - i - ly I say, Thou shalt be with me to - day.

16 No. 14. Here Again We Meet You.

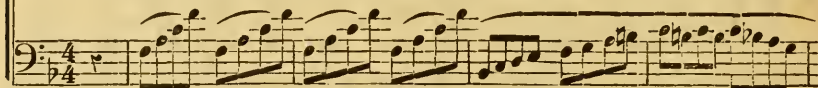
Words by Rev. A. KENYON.

Music by C. W. GREENE.

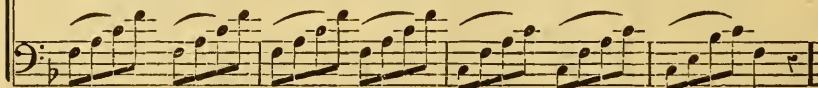
DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



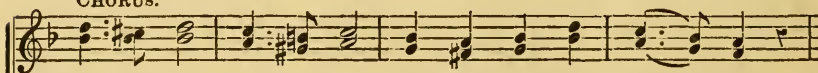
1. All hail the friends of truth and right! We joy once more to meet you! And
2. With grateful heart and tune-ful voice, We raise our ho - ly ban - ner; In
3. In Him we hope, of Him we sing, We hail Him as our Sav - iour; With



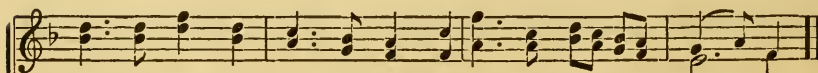
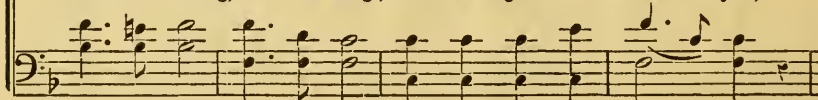
on this love-ly Sabbath night, With songs a - gain to greet you.
Je - sus' name we all re - joice, And shout a - loud ho - san - na.
swell - ing song let Heav-en ring, We'll crown Him King for - ev - er.



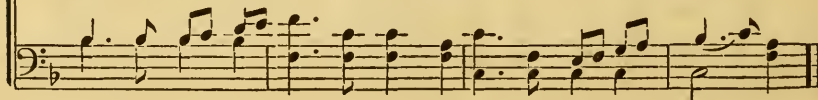
CHORUS.



Join the throng, lift the song; Here a - gain we meet you,

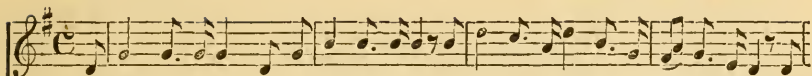


Fel - low work - ers of the Lord, With songs a - gain we greet you.

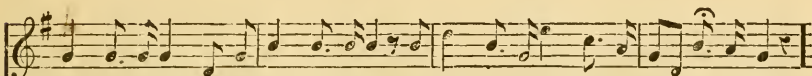
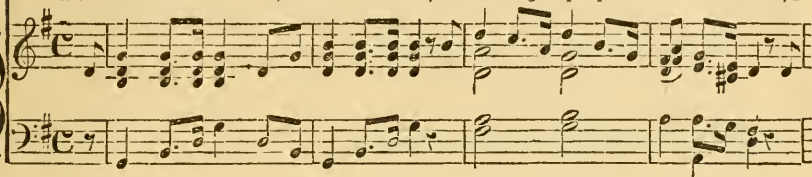


Words by F. C.

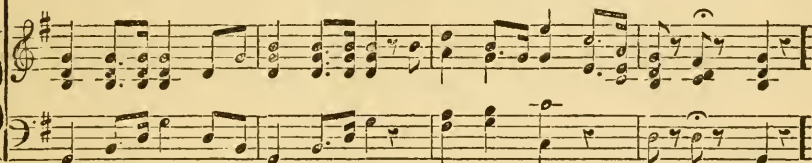
Music by C. W. GREENE.



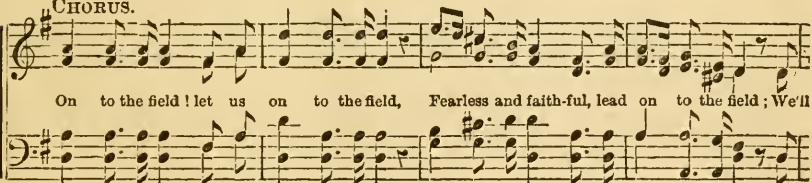
1. A - wake! for the trum-pet is sound-ing a-far; Then let us like sol-diers en - list for the war, The
2. The foe may sur-round us, but why should we fear! To shield and pro-tect us our Cap-tain is near: He
3. Then let us be val - iant, our foe to sub-duce; How cheer-ing the prospect! our crown is in view; A



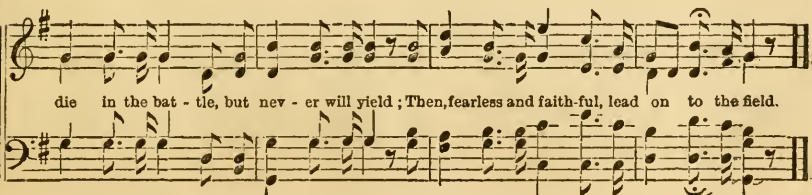
stand-ard of Je - sus with vig - or defend, And nev - er give up till the con-flict shall end,
bids us remem-ber this truth in the fight;—By watch-ing, and pray-ing, our ar - mor keeps bright,
crown of re-joic-ing our Sav - iour will give, And they who have con-quer-ed in glo - ry shall live.



CHORUS.



On to the field! let us on to the field, Fearless and faith-ful, lead on to the field; We'll



die in the bat - tle, but nev - er will yield; Then, fearless and faith-ful, lead on to the field.

Trust, Oh, Trust Your Father.

No. 16.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow."—Matt. vi. 28.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

FR. SILCHER.

1. Lo, the li - lies, how they grow, 'Neath Spring rains de - scend - ing;
 2. Take no tho't what ye shall eat, Trouble do not bor - row;
 3. Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther's care, Liv - ing Bread He's giv - en;

'Tis your Fa - ther clothes them so, Their sweet gra - ces blend - ing;
 He who gives all crea - tures meat, Will pro - vide to - mor - row;
 Rai - ment, too, both white and fair, He pro - vides in heav - en;

Why, then, are ye full of care, Since His love is eve - ry - where?
 He who hears the ra - ven's cry, Sure - ly can - not you de - ny;
 He will there his work com - plete, For the life is more than meat;

Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther, Trust, oh, trust your Fa - ther.

From "Gospel Bells," By per.

Words by MARY HOWITT.

Music by C. W. GREENE.

1. God might have made the earth bring forth Enough for great and small, The
 2. Our out - ward life requires them not, Then wherefore had they birth?— To
 3. To com - fort man, to whis - per hope, When'er his faith is dim : For

ritard.

stur - dy oak and ce - dar tree, With-out a flower at all.
 give de - light to you and me, To beau - ti - fy the earth.
 who - so car - eth for the flow'rs, Will care much more for Him.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful flow'rs! beau - ti - ful flow'rs! Smiling so sweetly in sunshine and showers ;

Beau - ti - ful flowers! beautiful flowers! Cheering the heart in life's wea - ri - some hours.

It may be desirable in some cases to transpose this song a tone lower.

The Love of God.

Words by W. F. SHERWIN.

Music by C. W. GREENE.

1. Grand - er than o - cean's sto - ry, Or songs of for - est trees,
 2. Dear - er than an - y lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow,
 3. Rich - er than all earth's trea - sure, The wealth my soul re - ceives;

Pur - er than breath of morn - ing, Or eve - ning's gen - tle breeze;
 Stronger than all the yearn - ings A moth - er's heart can know;
 Brighter than roy - al jew - els, The crown that Je - sus gives;

Clear - er than mountain ech - oes Ring out from peaks a - bove—
 Deep - er than earth's foun - da - tions, And far a - bove all thought!
 Wondrous the con - de - scen - sion, And grace be - yond de - gree!

Rolls on the glo - rious an - them, Of God's e - ter - nal love!
 Broader than heav'n's high arch - es, The love that Christ has brought!
 I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me!

Crown Him with Crowns of Gold.

No. 19.

GODFREY THRING.

"And on His head were many crowns,"

REV. S. MORRISON.

1. Crown Him with crowns of gold, All na-tions great and small,
 2. Crown Him the Son of God, Be-fore the worlds be-gan,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of light, Who, o'er a dark-ened world,
 4. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who triumphed o'er the grave,

Crown Him ye martyred saints of old, The Lamb once slain for all;
 And ye who tread where He hath trod, Crown Him the Son of man;
 In robes of glo-ry in-fi-nite, His fie-ry flag un-furled,
 And rose vic-to-rious in the strife, For those he came to save;

The Lamb once slain for them Who bring their prais-es now,
 Who eve-ry grief hath known That wrings the hu-man breast,
 And bore it raised on high, In heav'n, in earth, be-neath,
 His glo-ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high,

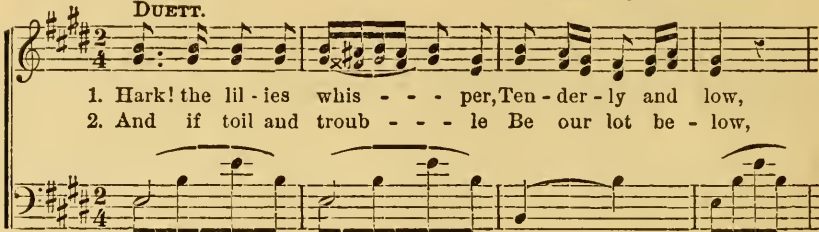
As jew-els for the di-a-dem, That girds His sa-cred brow.
 And takes and bears them for His own, That all in Him may rest.
 To all the sign of vic-to-ry O'er Sa-tan, sin, and death.
 Who died, e-ter-nal life to bring, And lives, that death may die.

The Lilies Whisper.

No. 20.

Music by C. W. GREENE.

DUETT.



1. Hark! the lil - ies whis - - - per, Ten - der - ly and low,
2. And if toil and troub - - - le Be our lot be - low,




"In our grace and beau - - - ty, See how fair we grow."
Think up - on the lil - - - ies, See how fair they grow;

Hark! the ros - es speak - ing Tell - ing all a - broad,
Flowers of field and gar - den, All their voi - ces blend,



Hark the ros - es speak - ing, Tell - ing all a - broad,
Flowers of field and gar - den, All their voices blend,



Their sweet, wondrous sto - - - ry Of the love of God.
And their Maker's prais - - - es, To our souls commend.

(CHRISTMAS SONG.)

Words by MARIE MASON.

(Trio for 3 Female Voices.)

Music by C. W. GREENE.

p *ECHO.* *mp* *ECHO.* *pp*

1. Si - lent night! Si-lent night! Shad-ow - y night! Shadow-y night!
 2. Ho - ly night! Ho-ly night! Her-ald - ing dawn! Her-alding dawn!

cres - - - *cen* - *do.* *f*

Pur-ple dome, Star-ry light! Pour-ing splendor of cen-tu-ries down;
 Far and near, breaks the morn! Breaks the day when the Saviour of men,

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

mp

Gold, and pur-ple, a glo-ri-ous crown, Where the manger, so
 Bring-ing par-don and heal-ing a - gain— Ho - ly, harmless, and

dim. *p*

rude, and wild, Cra - dles a sleep - ing child.
 un - de - filed— Com - eth a lit - tle child.

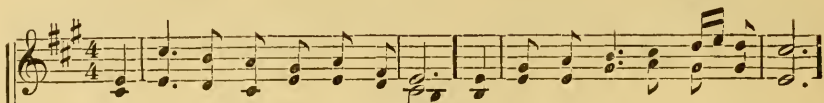
The echo should be sung or played in an adjoining room.

Just as Thou art.

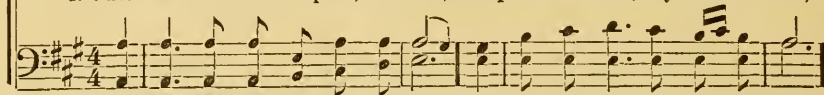
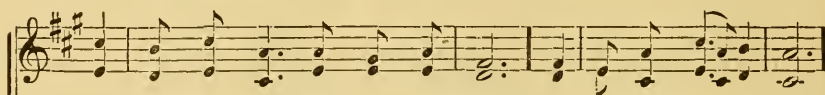
No. 22.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.


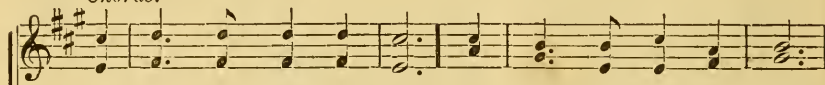
REV. S. MORRISON.



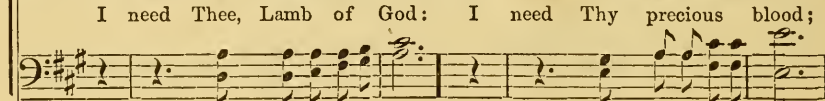
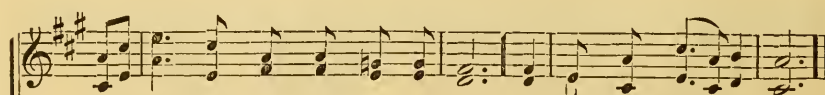
1. Just as Thou art, by man de-nied, With bleeding hands and feet and side,
 2. Just as Thou art, unstained by sin, So full of ten-der-ness with-in;
 3. Just as Thou art, by God approved. To die for man, di-vine-ly moved,
 4. Just as Thou art! so pure, so wise; Complete on earth, Thy Sac-ri-fice;

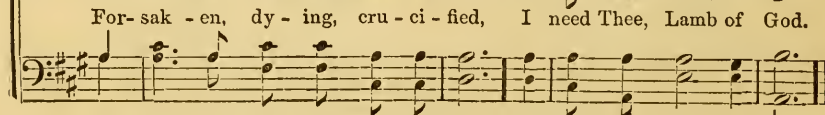
For-sak-en, dy-ing, cru-ci-fied,
 So hu-man all Thy lot hath been; } I need Thee, Lamb of God.
 To die for man, / it Thee behooved;
 Tri-umphant now, with-in the skies, }


Chorus.


I need Thee, Lamb of God: I need Thy precious blood;

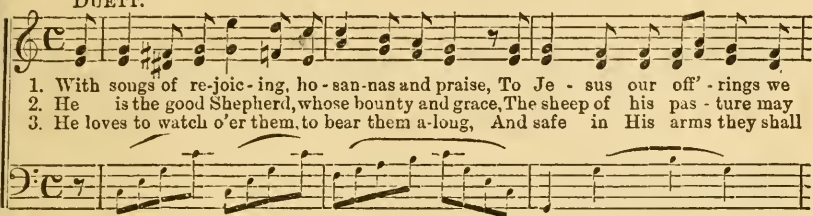



For-sak-en, dy-ing, cru-ci-fied, I need Thee, Lamb of God.




DUETT.

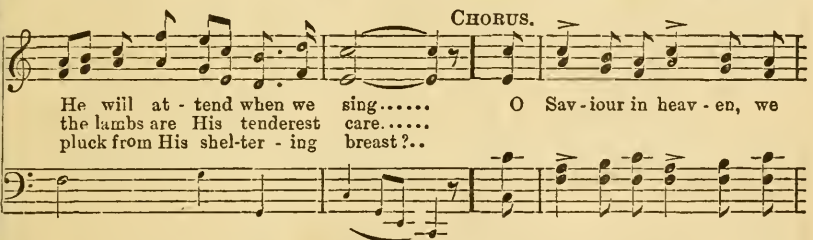
Music by C. W. GREENE.



1. With songs of re-joic-ing, ho-san-nas and praise, To Je-sus our off'-rings we
 2. He is the good Shepherd, whose bounty and grace, The sheep of his pas-ture may
 3. He loves to watch o'er them, to bear them a-loug, And safe in His arms they shall

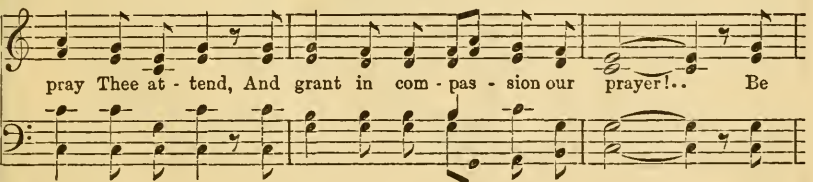


bring..... Though hum-ble our trib-ute and fee-ble our lays, Yet
 share;..... The wants of the least in his bos-om have place, But
 rest;..... For while He pro-protects them, what danger can wrong, Or

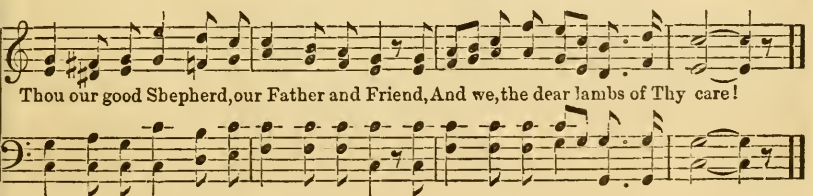


CHORUS.

He will at-tend when we sing..... O Sav-iour in heav-en, we
 the lambs are His tenderest care.....
 pluck from His shel-ter-ing breast?..



pray Thee at-tend, And grant in com-pas-sion our prayer!.. Be



Thou our good Shepherd, our Father and Friend, And we, the dear lambs of Thy care!

Forgive and Forget.

Music by C. W. GREENE.

Duet.

Duet and Semi-Chorus (or Trio) for Female Voices.

1. Oh, for-give and for-get, for this life is too fleet-ing, To
 2. In the path we must tread, leading down to the val-ley, Are
 3. Then forgive and for-get, if the friends we lov'd fond-ly, Should

waste it in brooding o'er wrongs we have met; It is
 cross - es and tri - als to lift and to bear; And the
 prove to be false and un - worth - y of trust, Oh!

bet - ter, far bet - ter to smoth-er our an-ger, To
 chal - ice of life, from which we are now drinking, Oft
 deal with them kind - ly. for they are but mor-tals, And

teach the proud heart to for - give and for-get.
 bears to our lips drops of sor - row and care.
 err - ing like us, for we too are but dust.

SEMI CHORUS.

Oh! for - give..... and for - get,..... Oh! teach your proud
 Oh! for-give, and for-get, teach your

Forgive and Forget. Concluded.

27

heart to for-give Oh! for-give..... and for-
heart to for-give and for-get, Oh! for-give,
get,..... Oh! for - give and for - get.....
and for - get,

No. 25.

Good News to Cheer us.

Music by C. W. GREENE.

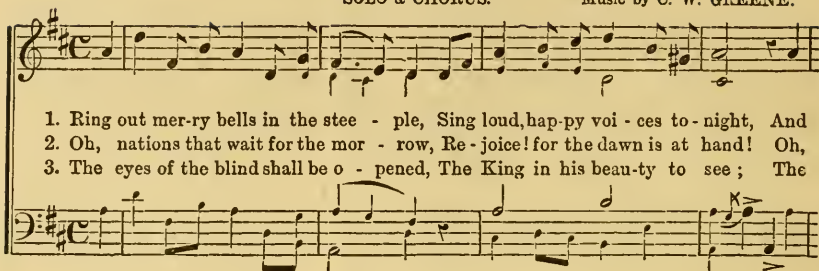
Joyfully.

1. Lis-ten to a joyous strain, Good news to cheer us! Children, join the
2. Sin and wrong are on the wane, Good news to cheer us! Right shall soon the
glad re-frain, Good news to cheer us! Sweet the morn-ing breez-es blow,
vic-t'ry gain, Good news to cheer us! Let it ech-o far and wide,
Murm'ring streamlets softly flow, Voice of bird-notes mingled low, Good news to cheer us!
We are on Imman-uel's side, And our faith is true and tried, Good news to cheer us!

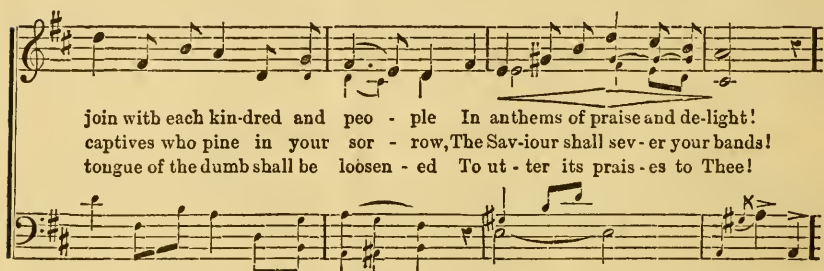
Ring Out Merry Bells.

SOLO & CHORUS.

Music by C. W. GREENE.

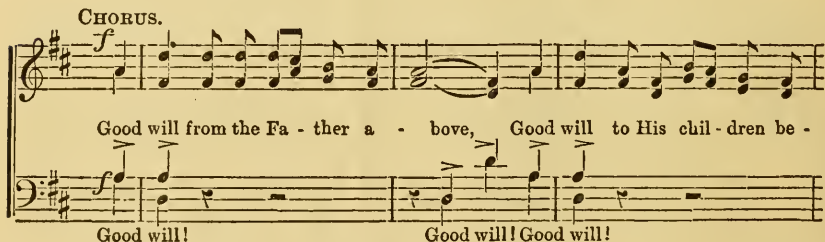


1. Ring out mer-ry bells in the stee - ple, Sing loud, hap-py voi - ces to - night, And
 2. Oh, nations that wait for the mor - row, Re - joice! for the dawn is at hand! Oh,
 3. The eyes of the blind shall be o - pened, The King in his beau-ty to see; The

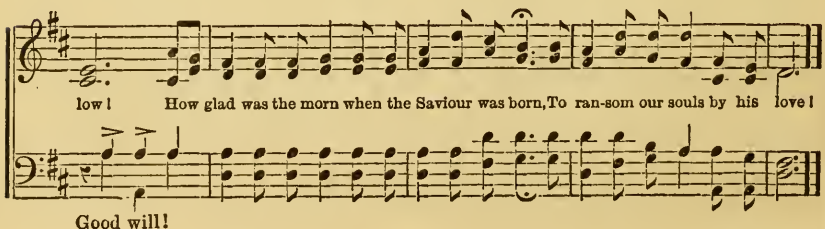


join with each kin-dred and peo - ple In anthems of praise and de-light!
 captives who pine in your sor - row, The Sav-iour shall sev-er your bands!
 tongue of the dumb shall be loösen - ed To ut - ter its prais-es to Thee!

CHORUS.



Good will from the Fa - ther a - bove, Good will to His chil - dren be -
 Good will! Good will! Good will!



low! How glad was the morn when the Saviour was born, To ran-som our souls by his love!
 Good will!

Standing at the Portal.

No. 27.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

* * * *

1. Standing at the por-tal, Of the opening year, Words of com-fort meet us
 2. I, the Lord, am with thee, Be thou not afraid! I will help and strengthen,
 3. For the year be-fore us, Oh what rich supplies! For the poor and need-y
 4. He will nev-er fail us, He will not forsake; His e-ter-nal cov'nant

Hushing eve-ry fear. Spoken thro' the silence By our Father's voice,
 Be thou not dis-mayed! Yes, I will up-hold thee With my own right hand:
 Living streams shall rise! For the sad and sin-ful Shall His grace a-bound;
 He will nev-er break! Rest-ing on His promise, What have we to fear?

CHORUS.

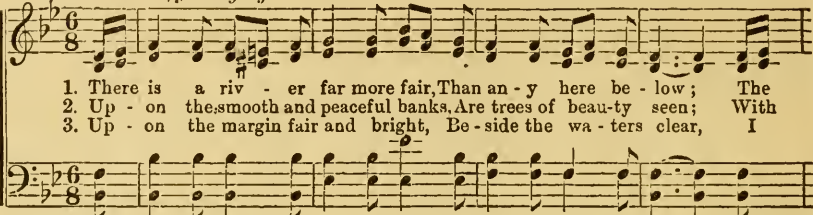
Ten-der, strong, and faith-ful, Mak-ing us re-joice. On-ward, then, and fear not,
 Thou art called and chosen, In my sight to stand. Onward, then, and fear not,
 For the faint and feeble, Perfect strength be found. Onward, then, and fear not,
 God is all suf-fi-cient, For the com-ing year. Onward, then, and fear not,

Children of the day! For His word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a-way!

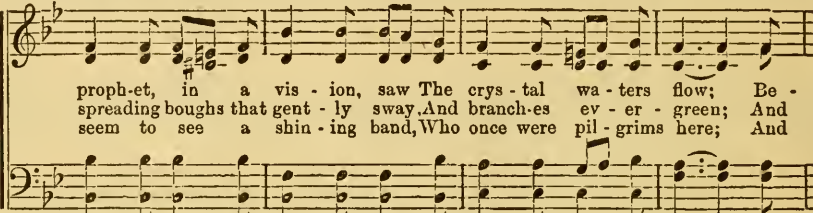
30 No. 28. The River of Life.

E. R. LATTI. "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life." Rev. xxii. 1.
In a smooth, flowing style.

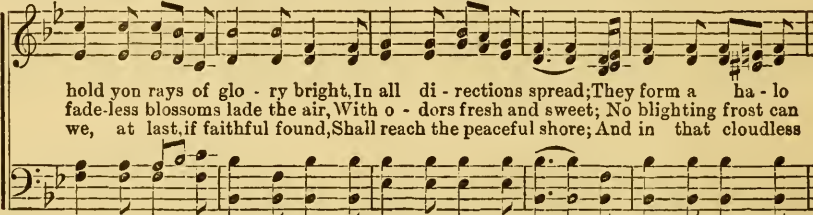
W. O. P.



1. There is a riv - er far more fair, Than an - y here be - low; The
2. Up - on the smooth and peaceful banks, Are trees of beau - ty seen; With
3. Up - on the margin fair and bright, Be - side the wa - ters clear, I

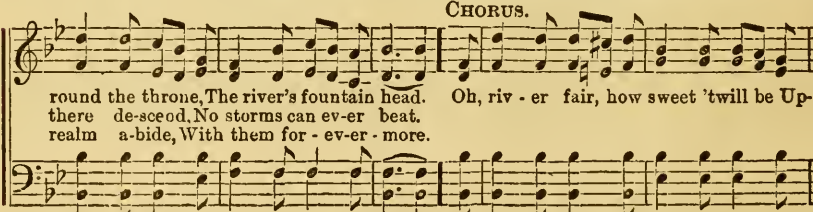


proph-et, in a vis - ion, saw The crys - tal wa - ters flow; Be -
spreading boughs that gent - ly sway, And branch-es ev - er - green; And
seem to see a shin - ing band, Who once were pil - grims here; And

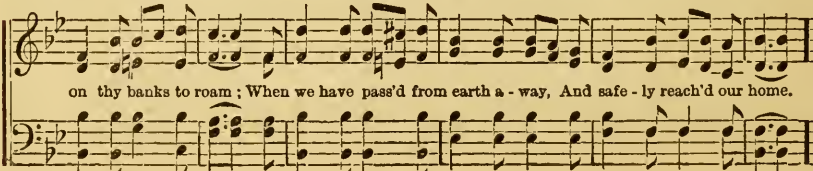


hold yon rays of glo - ry bright, In all di - rections spread; They form a ha - lo
fade-less blossoms lade the air, With o - dours fresh and sweet; No blighting frost can
we, at last, if faithful found, Shall reach the peaceful shore; And in that cloudless

CHORUS.



round the throne, The river's fountain head. Oh, riv - er fair, how sweet 'twill be Up -
there de - scend, No storms can ev - er beat.
realm a - bide, With them for - ev - er - more.

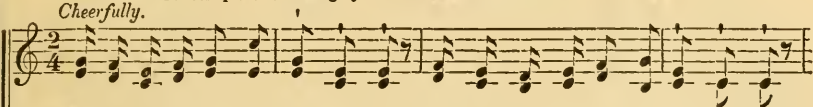


on thy banks to roam; When we have pass'd from earth a - way, And safe - ly reach'd our home.

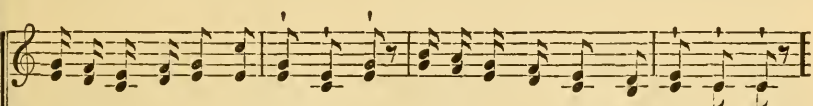
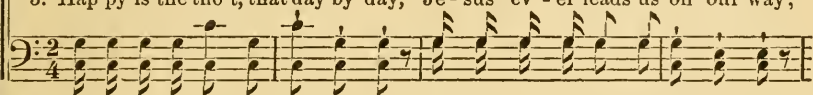
Words and Music by

A. B. C.

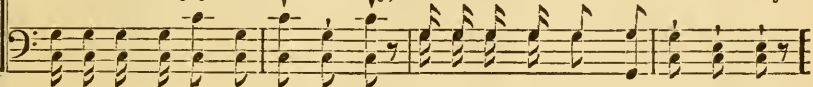
Concert piece to be sung by children as a Solo or Duett and Chorus.

Cheerfully.

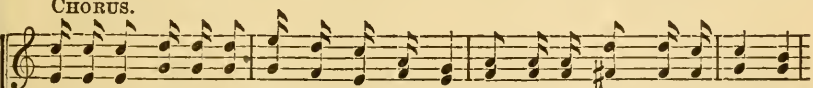
1. Mer-ri - ly we sing our songs to-night, With our fa - ces smiling gay and bright,
2. How we love to meet togeth - er here, Sing-ing praise to Je - sus who's so dear;
3. Hap-py is the tho't, that day by day, Je - sus ev - er leads us on our way;



Having for our mot-to, *Truth and Right*, In the Saviour's praise we all u - nite.
 While we march along we'll nev - er fear, For the Saviour's promised to be near.
 Let us all be joy - ful while we may, Nev - er from the Sav - iour will we stray.



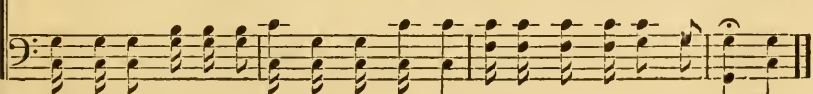
CHORUS.



Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, sing the joy - ful song, Je - sus is smil - ing up - on us,



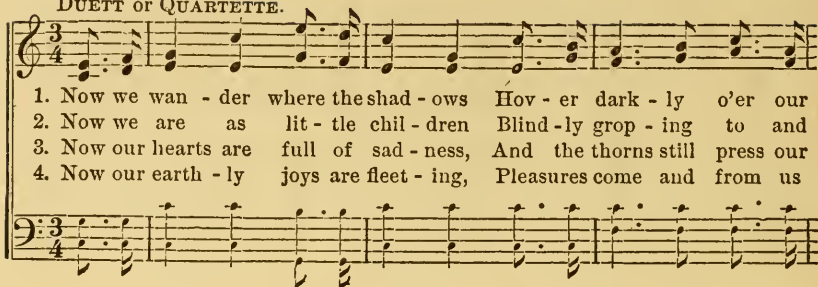
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly let us march a-long, To the promis'd land so glorious.



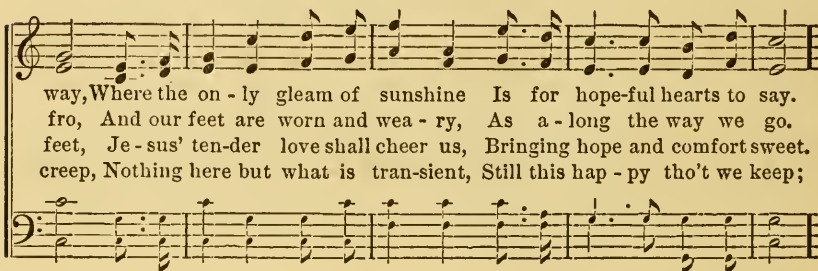
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. O. PERKINS.

DUETT or QUARTETTE.

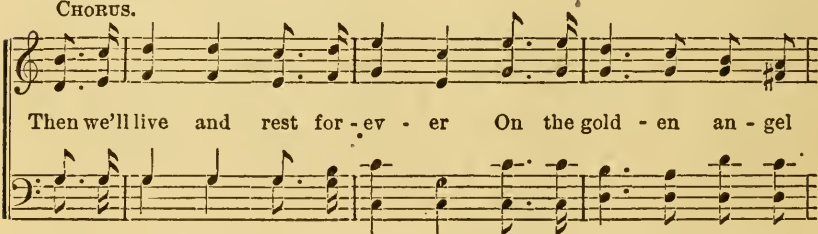


1. Now we wan - der where the shad - ows How - er dark - ly o'er our
 2. Now we are as lit - tle chil - dren Blind - ly grop - ing to and
 3. Now our hearts are full of sad - ness, And the thorns still press our
 4. Now our earth - ly joys are fleet - ing, Pleasures come and from us

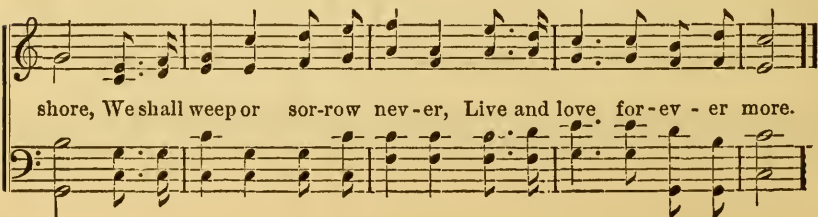


way, Where the on - ly gleam of sunshine Is for hope - ful hearts to say.
 fro, And our feet are worn and wea - ry, As a - long the way we go.
 feet, Je - sus' ten - der love shall cheer us, Bringing hope and comfort sweet.
 creep, Nothing here but what is tran - sient, Still this hap - py tho't we keep;

CHORUS.



Then we'll live and rest for - ev - er On the gold - en an - gel



shore, We shall weep or sor - row nev - er, Live and love for - ev - er more.

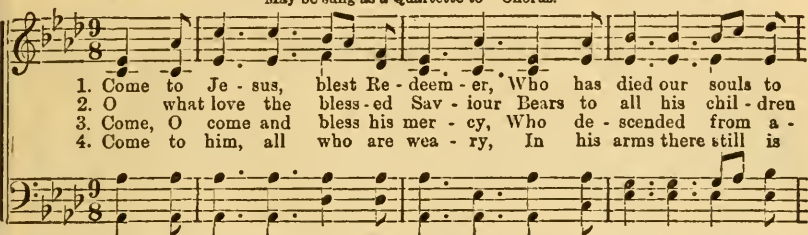
No. 31. We are Coming, Blessed Saviour.

33

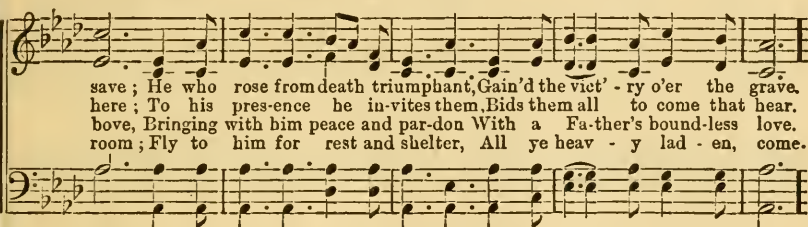
Words and Music by

May be sung as a Quartette to "Chorus."

W. O. PERKINS.

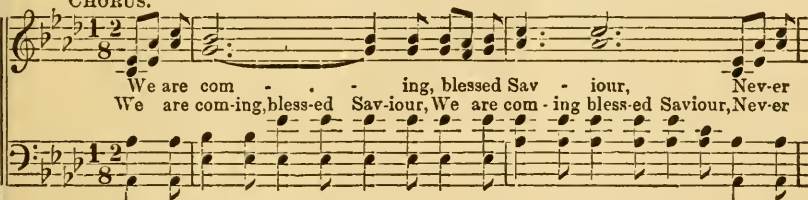


1. Come to Je - sus, blest Re - deem - er, Who has died our souls to
 2. O what love the bless - ed Sav - iour Bears to all his chil - dren
 3. Come, O come and bless his mer - cy, Who de - scended from a -
 4. Come to him, all who are wea - ry, In his arms there still is

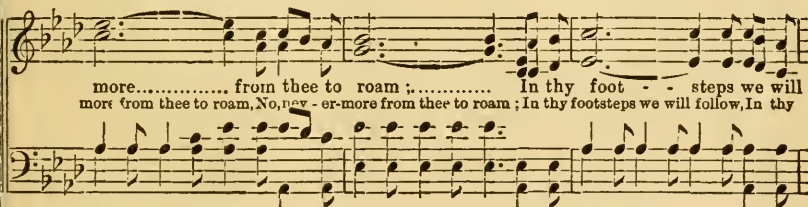


save; He who rose from death triumphant, Gain'd the vict' - ry o'er the grave.
 here; To his pres - ence he in - vites them, Bids them all to come that hear.
 bove, Bringing with him peace and par - don With a Fa - ther's bound - less love.
 room; Fly to him for rest and shelter, All ye heav - y lad - en, come.

CHORUS.



We are com - ing, blessed Sav - iour, Never
 We are com - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, We are com - ing bless - ed Saviour, Never



more..... from thee to roam;..... In thy foot - - steps we will
 more from thee to roam, No, no, - er - more from thee to roam; In thy footsteps we will follow, In thy

Repeat Chorus *pp* for last verse.

Ritard.



fol - low. Till we reach..... the shining home.....
 footsteps we will fol - low, Till we reach the shining home, the shining home, shining home.

The Lord is my Light.

No. 32.

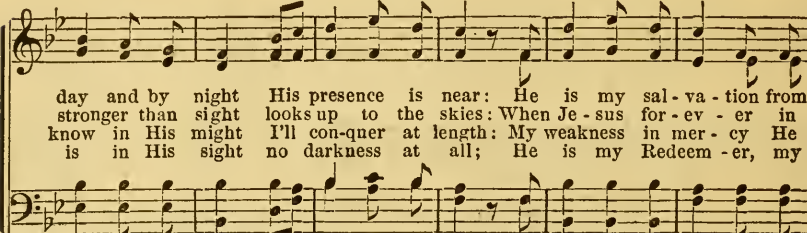
The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life;
of whom shall I be afraid?—Psalms, 27: 1.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

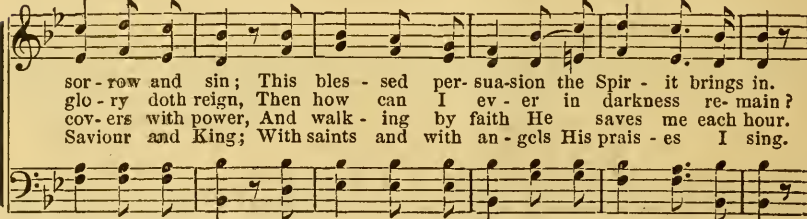
J. W. BISCHOFF.



1. The Lord is my light, then why should I fear? By
2. The Lord is my light, though clouds may a - rise; Faith
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength; I
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There

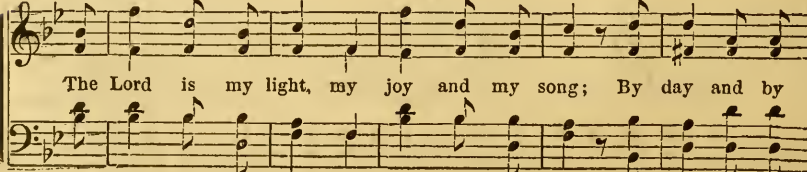


day and by night His presence is near: He is my sal - va - tion from
stronger than sight looks up to the skies: When Je - sus for - ev - er in
know in His might I'll con - quer at length: My weakness in mer - cy He
is in His sight no darkness at all; He is my Redeem - er, my



sor - row and sin; This bles - sed per - sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.
glo - ry doth reign, Then how can I ev - er in darkness re - main?
cov - ers with power, And walk - ing by faith He saves me each hour.
Saviour and King; With saints and with an - gels His prais - es I sing.

CHORUS.



The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by

Thd Lord is my Light. Concluded.

night He leads me a - long, The Lord is my light, my
joy and my song, By day and by night He leads me a - long.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Adoration.

No. 33.

ITALY. (ITALIAN HYMN.)

6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might - y King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
2. Come, thou in - car - nate Word! Gird on thy might - y sword: Our prayer at-tend;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;
4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more!

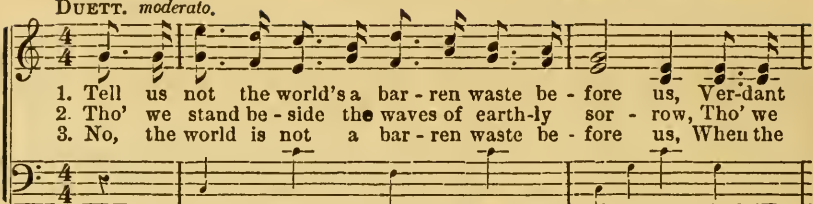
Father! all - glo - rious, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days!
Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness! On us des-cend.
Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of power!
His sovereign majesty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

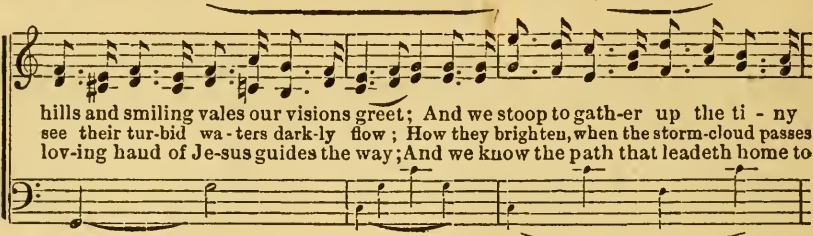
Song of Joy.

Words by F. V. A.

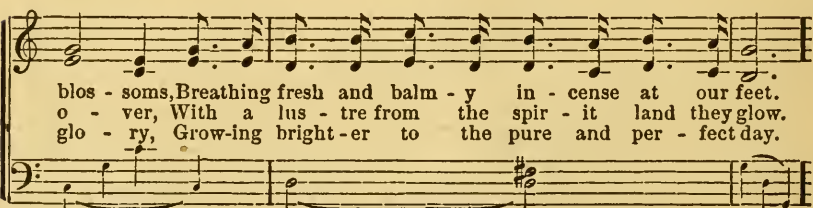
Music by C. W. GREENE.

DUETT. *moderato*.


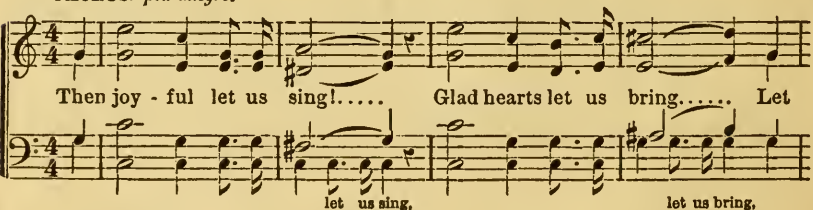
1. Tell us not the world's a bar - ren waste be - fore us, Ver - dant
 2. Tho' we stand be - side the waves of earth - ly sor - row, Tho' we
 3. No, the world is not a bar - ren waste be - fore us, When the



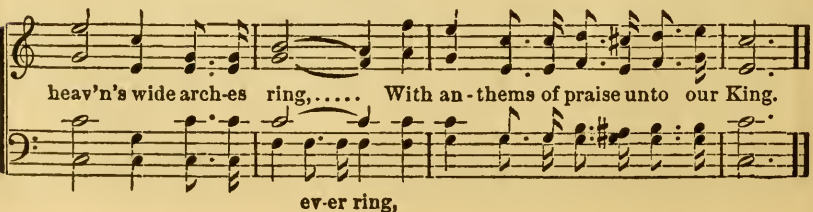
hills and smiling vales our visions greet; And we stoop to gath - er up the ti - ny
 see their tur - bid wa - ters dark - ly flow; How they brighten, when the storm - cloud passes
 lov - ing hand of Je - sus guides the way; And we know the path that leadeth home to



blos - soms, Breathing fresh and balm - y in - cense at our feet.
 o - ver, With a lus - tre from the spir - it land they glow.
 glo - ry, Grow - ing bright - er to the pure and per - fect day.

CHORUS. *piu allegro*.


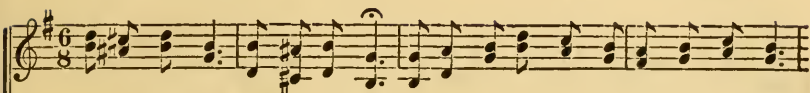
Then joy - ful let us sing!..... Glad hearts let us bring..... Let
 let us sing, let us bring,



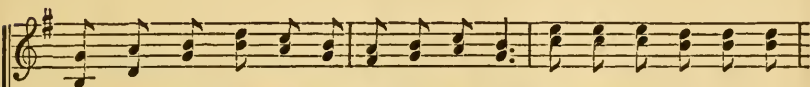
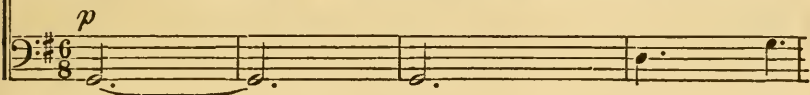
heav'n's wide arch - es ring,..... With an - thems of praise unto our King.
 ev - er ring,

Words by Miss THOMPSON.

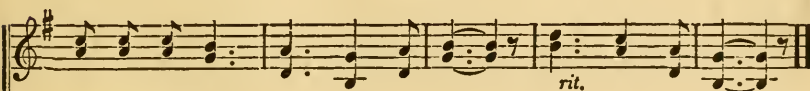
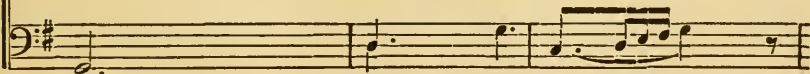
Music by O. W. GREENE.



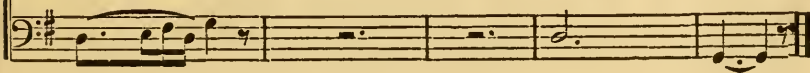
1. Whi-ter than snow! beauti-ful snow! Cov'-ring so ten - der - ly earth's dreary blight,
2. Whi-ter than snow! beauti-ful snow! Nev-er a stain on its ra - di - ance seen,
3. Whi-ter than snow! beauti-ful snow! Helpless - ly seek we for cleansing be - low,



Hid - ing the darkness of all here be - low, Em - blem of pu - ri - ty,
 Con - trast - ing ev - er with sor - row and woe, To - ken of in - no - cence!
 On - ly thro' Christ can our sins be for-given, But if we trust in Him,



how can we be Like un - to thee? Like un - to thee!
 When shall we be Like un - to thee? Like un - to thee!
 sometime we'll be Like un - to thee! Like un - to thee!

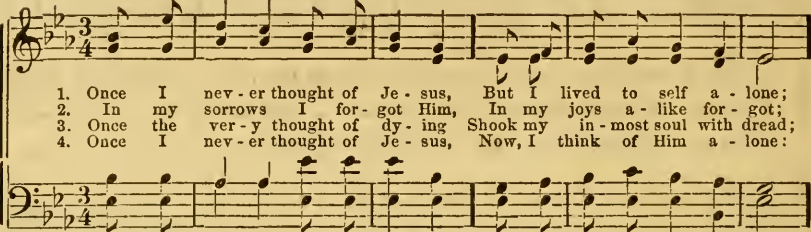


Once I Never Thought of Jesus.

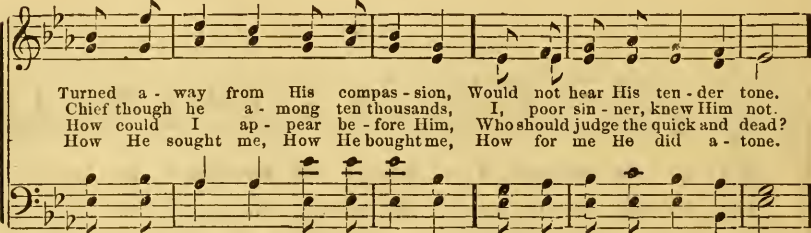
No. 36.

R....

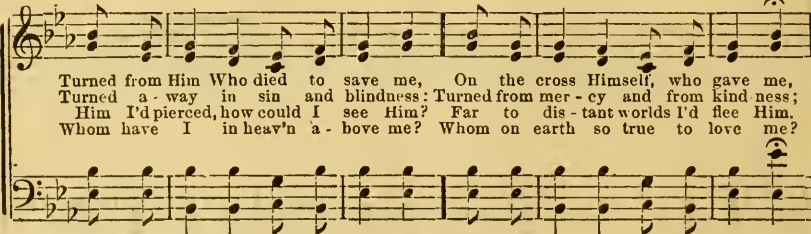
KARL REDEN. By per.



1. Once I nev-er thought of Je-sus, But I lived to self a-lone;
 2. In my sorrows I for-got Him, In my joys a-like for-got;
 3. Once the ver-y thought of dy-ing Shook my in-most soul with dread;
 4. Once I nev-er thought of Je-sus, Now, I think of Him a-lone:



Turned a-way from His compas-sion, Would not hear His ten-der tone.
 Chief though I a-mong ten thousands, I, poor sin-ner, knew Him not.
 How could I ap-pear be-fore Him, Who should judge the quick and dead?
 How He sought me, How He bought me, How for me He did a-tone.



Turned from Him Who died to save me, On the cross Himself, who gave me,
 Turned a-way in sin and blindness: Turned from mer-cy and from kind-ness;
 Him I'd pierced, how could I see Him? Far to dis-tant worlds I'd flee Him,
 Whom have I in heav'n a-bove me? Whom on earth so true to love me?



1, 2, 3. Now, no name on earth can be, Half so sweet as His to me.
 4. Ah! what name on earth should be, Half so sweet as His to me?

Song of Triumph.

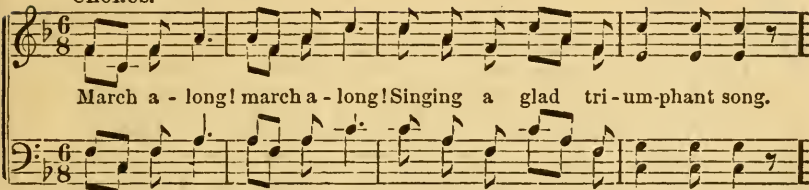
39

No. 37.

Words by Rev. A. TAYLOR.

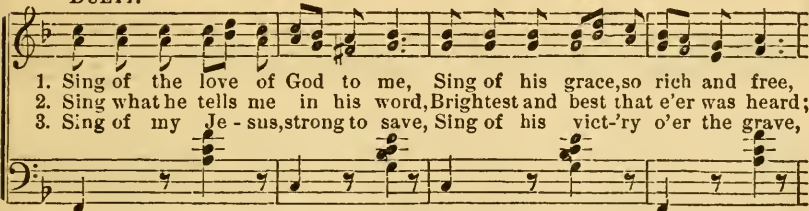
Music by O. W. GREENE.

CHORUS.

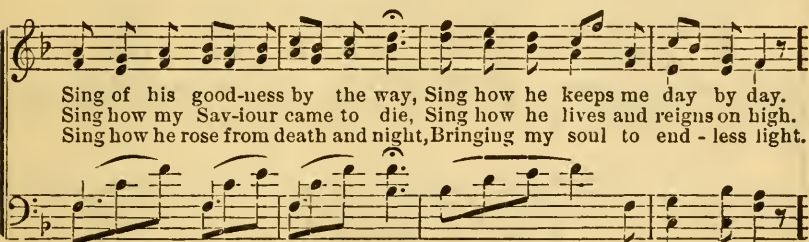


March a - long! march a - long! Singing a glad tri - um - phant song.

DUETT.



1. Sing of the love of God to me, Sing of his grace, so rich and free,
2. Sing what he tells me in his word, Brightest and best that e'er was heard;
3. Sing of my Je - sus, strong to save, Sing of his vict'-ry o'er the grave,

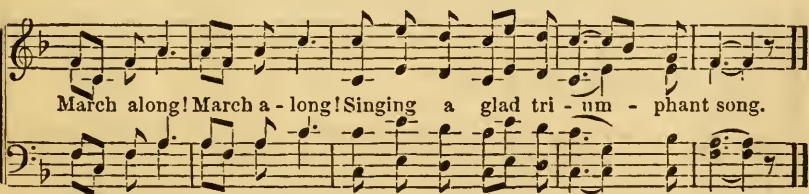


Sing of his good-ness by the way, Sing how he keeps me day by day.
Sing how my Sav-iour came to die, Sing how he lives and reigns on high.
Sing how he rose from death and night, Bringing my soul to end - less light.

CHORUS.



Sing of the mer-cy, sing of the love, Keeping my soul for glo - ry a - bove;



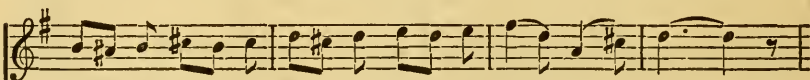
March along! March a - long! Singing a glad tri - um - phant song.

Christmas Song.

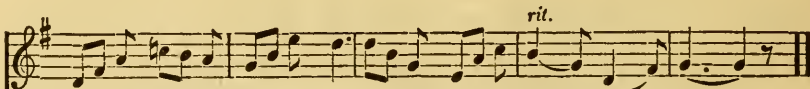
Music by C. W. GREENE.

Allegretto.

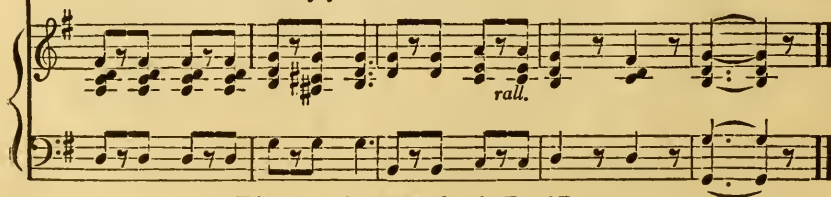
1. Mer - ry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Children laugh and play;
2. Hap - py Christmas! Happy Christmas! Fathers, mothers sing,
3. Bless - ed Christmas! Blessed Christmas! A - ged join the praise,
4. Glorious Christmas! Glorious Christmas! From the gather'd throng,



Mer - ry o'er the won - ders, Hid in Christ - mas day.
 Grateful for the treasures Which the swift years bring.
 To the cra - dled Sav - iour Loy - al tri - bute raise.
 Far a - down the a - ges Rolls the an - gels' song.

*cres - - - cen - do.....*

Glad is He to watch your mirth, Who was once a child on earth.
 Happy be each Christmas morn, Christ within your hearts new born.
 He, of all God's gifts the best, Makes each added year more blest.
 Earth's redeemed with joy adore Christ the Sav - iour ever - more.



This song may be transposed to the Key of F.

Sweet Rest to Come.

No. 39.

ANON.

"Faint, yet pursuing." Judges viii, 4.

S. M.

1. Ye work - ers in God's vine - yard, Who work with might and main,
 2. O, this shall stim - u - late us To bear the heat of day.
 3. Then cheer - ful - ly we'll la - bor, And min - gle toil and song;
 4. Then up! to work, ye i - dlers! The day is wan - ing fast;

Tho' weak, and faint and wea - ry, You la - bor not in vain,
 In ser - vice of the Mas - ter, Who will the "pen - ny" pay;
 In ear - nest, good en - deav - or, The weak - est may be strong;
 This is no time for sleep - ing, The time for sleep is past;

'Twill not be al - ways toil - ing, 'Twill not be al - ways grief;
 In deeds of no - ble dar - ing, By brain and tongue and pain;
 None but the true and faith - ful, The prom - is - es can test;
 The fields are white to har - vest, The glean - ing time is come,

The hap - py day is hast - ing, That brings us sweet re - lief.
 The Mas - ter comes at twi - light, We shall be rest - ed then.
 None but the wea - ry work - er, Can know the sweets of rest.
 The day of toil is end - ing, We soon shall rest at home.

Glory to God in the Highest.

No. 40.

And on Earth peace, good will to men *

J. E. T.

UNISON.

Allegro. D. C.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God in the high - est!

f

Organ Accomp.

f

Ped.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! high - est! Peace on

Cres. *ff* *Dim.*

ff *Cres.* *ff* *Dim.*

Earth,..... good will..... to men, will..... to men.

Rit.

Rit.

First Time. *Second Time.* FINE.

* Note. The second part is for lower voices.

Glory to God in the Highest. Concluded. 43

Moderato.
Alto Solo.

p
Peace on Earth, good will to men, Peace on Earth, good will to men. Thus the An - gel hosts proclaimed.

tempo.
On the plains of Beth - le-hem. Peace on Earth, good will to men, Peace on Earth, good will to men.

D. C.
will to men, Thus the An - gel hosts proclaimed, On the plains of Beth - le - hem.

cres. dim. rit. p
cres. dim. rit. p

1. Oh how I love the Sabbath school, The place where children meet, And
 2. I love to see my teacher's smile : I love my classmates too ; I
 3. I love to read what Je - sus said, Whilst he on earth did live ; I

read a - bout the Sav-iour's love, And of his good-ness speak.
 love to learn my les - sons, while I've noth - ing else to do.
 love to have him bless my heart, And all my sins for - give.

CHORUS.

I'll go, I'll go, And with the children meet, I'll pray, I'll
 I'll go, I'll go, I'll go, I'll pray,

pray, I'll pray. And wor-ship at his feet : I'll sing, I'll sing, Re -
 I'll sing, I'll sing, I'll sing,

joio - ing as I go : I'm glad, I'm glad, That Je - sus loves me so.
 I'm glad, I'm glad,

Feet upon the Rock of Ages.

No. 42.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Feet up-on the Rock of a - ges, What care I tho' billows roll;
 2. Late the wind my barque was winging, Like a bird a-cross the wave;
 3. Feet up-on he Rock of A - ges, Arms a - round my Saviour's cross
 4. O thou Rock, the Rock of A - ges. Build - ed deep, e - ter - nal, sure;

Tho' a-round the tempest ra - ges, Threat'ning to de-vour my soul.
 Came the tem-pest, ru - in bring-ing; Who could hear me, who could save?
 Trust in Him all fear as - sua - ges, He makes good my eve - ry loss.
 When time's sea its last war wa - ges, Thou shalt still the shock endure:

cres.
 High - er dash the sur - ges, high - er, Clos - er cling I, cleave I nigh - er;
 Rock I saw a - bove me lift - ed; Blind I struggled, blind I drifted;
 World may bring me trib - u - la - tion, Hum - ble name, and humble station,
 When shall fail earth's strong foundations, When shall flee earth's trembling nations,

Thou art Re - fuge all to me, Je - sus, Lamb of Cal - var - y.
 Till I reached its shelt'ring form, Safe from wave and safe from storm.
 All the more my joys in - crease, And in Him, I have but peace.
 Lif - ted 'mid the surging sea, Thou shall still a Ru - fuge be.

REFRAIN.

High - er dash the sur - ges high - er, Clos - er cling I, cleave I nigh - er:

cres.

Vain the tem - pest when it ra - ges, Round the Rock, the Rock of A - ges!

At the Feet of Jesus.

No. 43.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

MORRISON.

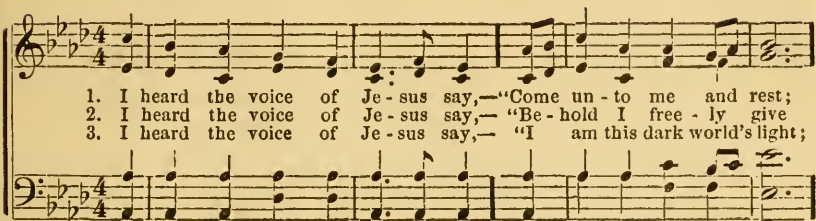
1. At the feet of Je - sus, Place of par - don sweet; Sinners, lost and guilty,
 2. At the feet of Je - sus, Sheltered well I hide; Sin can nev - er harm me,
 3. At the feet of Je - sus, Do I learn to be; Reaper in the harvest,
 4. At the feet of Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly I wait Till the Mas - ter bid me,

Here com - pas - sion meet. Sinners, lost and guilt - y, Here compas - sion meet.
 While I here a - bide. Sin can nev - er harm me, While I here a - bide.
 For e - ter - ni - ty. Reaper in the har - vest, For e - ter - ni - ty.
 En - ter Heaven's gate. Till the Master bid me, En - ter Heaven's gate.

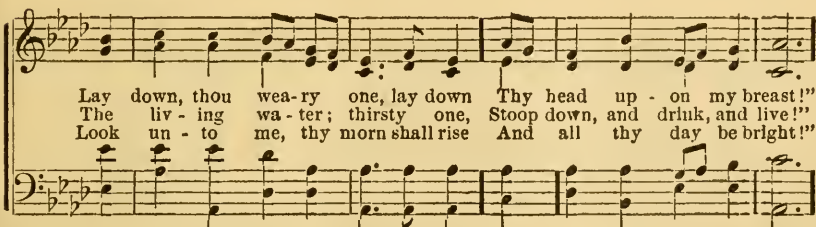
I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

No. 44.

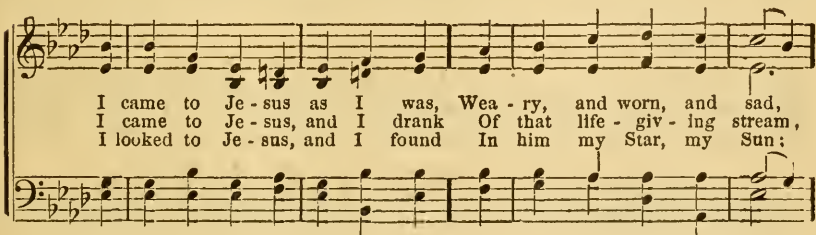
REV. H. BONAR.



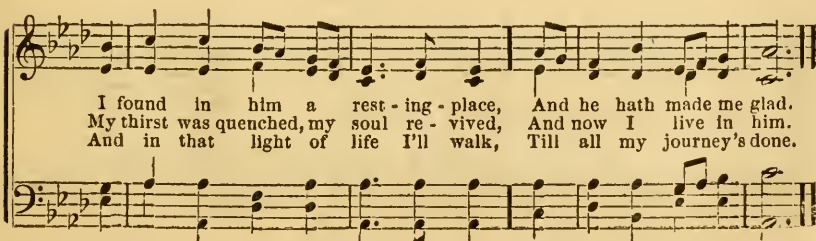
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be - hold I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,— "I am this dark world's light;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright!"



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad,
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream,
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my Star, my Sun;



I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he hath made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

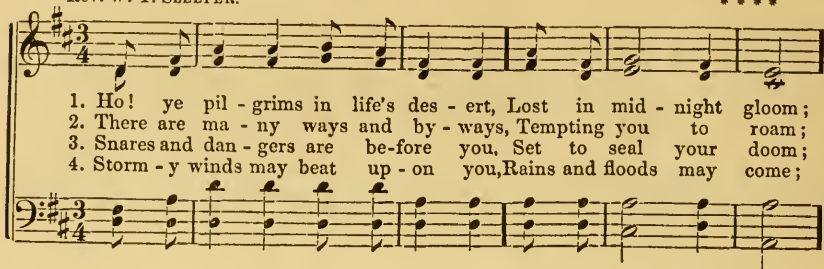
It will light you Home.

No. 45.

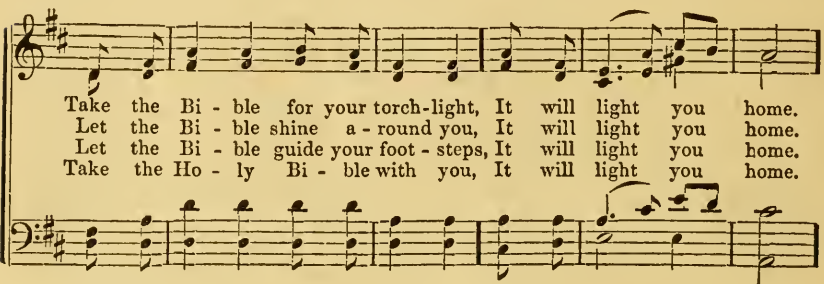
It was night, To reach my home I must pass through a thick growth of wood, and the path was rough and intricate. A kind neighbor gave me a torch, saying with great assurance, "It will light you home," All the way it was "a light unto my path."—Ps. 119; 105.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER.

* * * *

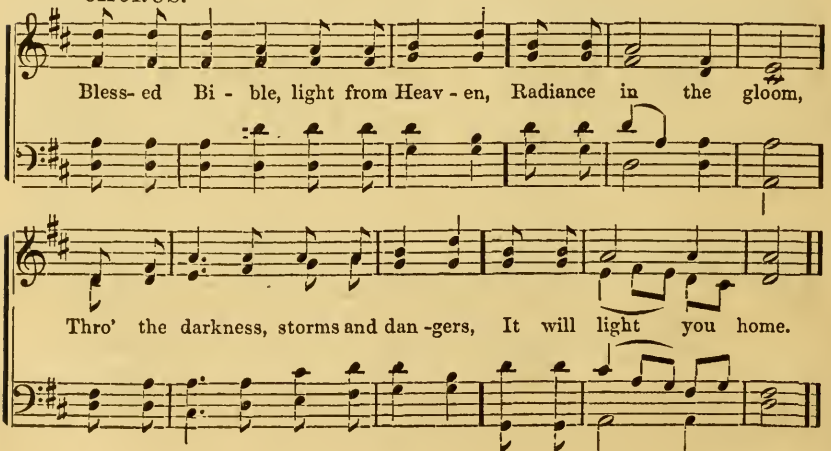


1. Ho! ye pil - grims in life's des - ert, Lost in mid - night gloom;
 2. There are ma - ny ways and by - ways, Tempting you to roam;
 3. Snares and dan - gers are be - fore you, Set to seal your doom;
 4. Storm - y winds may beat up - on you, Rains and floods may come;



Take the Bi - ble for your torch - light, It will light you home.
 Let the Bi - ble shine a - round you, It will light you home.
 Let the Bi - ble guide your foot - steps, It will light you home.
 Take the Ho - ly Bi - ble with you, It will light you home.

CHORUS.



Bless - ed Bi - ble, light from Heav - en, Radiance in the gloom,
 Thro' the darkness, storms and dan - gers, It will light you home.

Traveling to the Better Land.

No. 47.

S. MORRISON.

1. Trav'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the de - sert's scorching sand:
 2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, I the sparkling fountain greet,
 3. When the wild - er - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-grove near,
 4. Thro' the wa - ter, thro' the fire, Nev - er let me fall or tire,

Lead me on.

Fa - ther, let me grasp Thy hand, Lead me, lead me on.
 Make the bit - ter wa - ter sweet, Lead me, lead me on.
 And her wells as crys - tal clear, Lead me, lead me on.
 Eve - ry step brings Ca - naan nigher, Lead me, lead me on.

REFRAIN.

Lead me, lead me on, Trav'ling to the bet - ter land,

Lead me on.

Fa - ther, let me grasp Thy hand, Lead me, lead me on.

5 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
 Never let me fear or shrink;
 Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
 Lead me, lead me on.

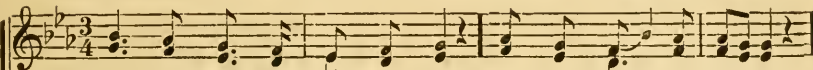
6 When the victory is won,
 And eternal life begun,
 Up to glory lead me on,
 Lead me, lead me on.

Nothing, Lord, have I to Bring.

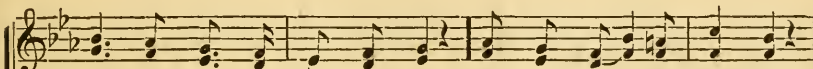
No. 48.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

REV. S. MORRISON.

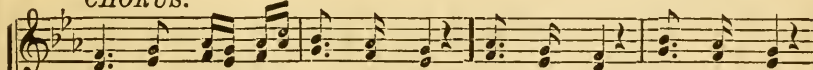


1. Noth - ing, Lord, have I to bring, For my mis - be - hav - ior;
 2. All my best is stained with sin, Vows and gifts I prof - fer?
 3. Give my - self? is this thy word? As I am thou'lt take me?
 4. Here I am! 'tis all I have, Why should sin - ner fal - ter?
 5. Let the cleansing fire des - cend, Pur - i - fy and seal me.

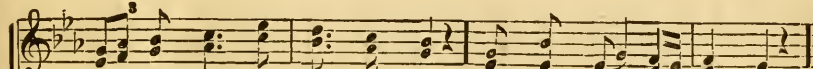


Christ is Priest and Off - er - ing, He's my on - ly Sav - iour.
 I'm im - pure, with - out, with - in; What have I to off - er?
 Ah! thy love, thy grace un - heard! Like thy - self, thou'lt make me!
 Here I give what thou dost save, Lay me on thine al - tar.
 Pi - ty, love me to the end; Heav'n at length re - veal me.

CHORUS.



Noth - ing, Lord, have I to bring! Noth - ing, Lord, Noth - ing, Lord;



Christ is Priest and Off - er - ing, He's my on - ly Sav - iour.

Beautiful the Little Hands.

No. 49.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—ECCLES. ix, 10.

T. CORBEN, D. D.

Bishop W. JOHNS.

1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lords commands;
 2. All the lit - tle hands were made, Je - sus pre - cious cause to aid;
 3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav - iour, ev - 'ry day;
 4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in - tends for you;

Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle eyes, Kin - dled with light from the skies.
 All the lit - tle hearts to beat Warm in His ser - vice so sweet,
 All the lit - tle feet should go Swift on His er - rands be - low.
 Make that thing your first de - light, Do it to Him with your might.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle hands, That full - fill the Lord's commands;

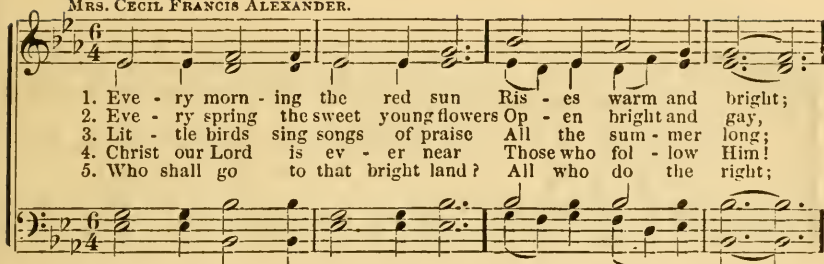
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.

Every Morning the Red Sun.

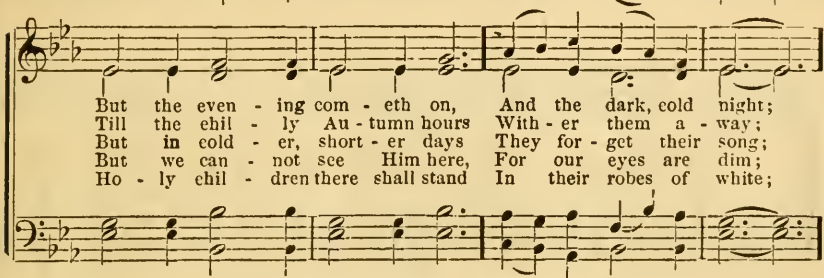
53

No. 50.

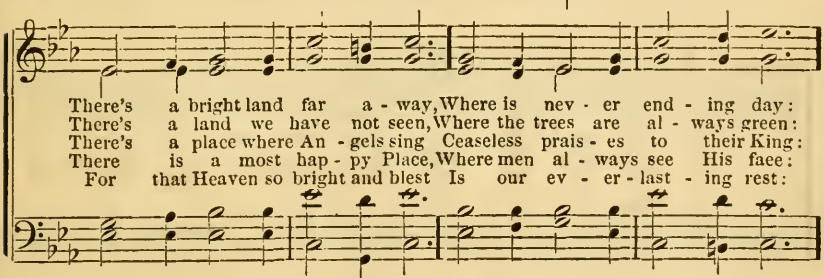
MRS. CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.



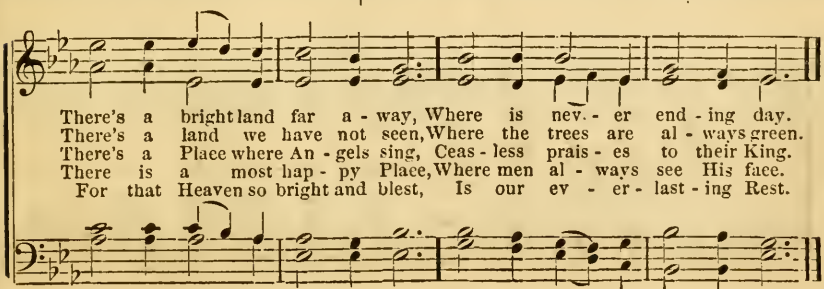
1. Eve - ry morn - ing the red sun Ris - es warm and bright;
 2. Eve - ry spring the sweet young flowers Op - en bright and gay,
 3. Lit - tle birds sing songs of praise All the sum - mer long;
 4. Christ our Lord is ev - er near Those who fol - low Him!
 5. Who shall go to that bright land? All who do the right;



But the even - ing com - eth on, And the dark, cold night;
 Till the chil - ly Au - tumn hours With - er them a - way;
 But in cold - er, short - er days They for - get their song;
 But we can - not see Him here, For our eyes are dim;
 Ho - ly chil - dren there shall stand In their robes of white;



There's a bright land far a - way, Where is nev - er end - ing day:
 There's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are al - ways green:
 There's a place where An - gels sing Ceaseless prais - es to their King:
 There is a most hap - py Place, Where men al - ways see His face:
 For that Heaven so bright and blest Is our ev - er - last - ing rest:



There's a bright land far a - way, Where is nev - er end - ing day.
 There's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are al - ways green.
 There's a Place where An - gels sing, Ceas - less prais - es to their King.
 There is a most hap - py Place, Where men al - ways see His face.
 For that Heaven so bright and blest, Is our ev - er - last - ing Rest.

Perfect Peace.

No. 51.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

MORRISON.

1. Like a riv - er glor - ious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bles - sed hand, Nev - er foe can
 3. Eve - ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our

- tor - ious In its bright in - crease. Per - fect yet it flow - eth
 fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand. Not a surge of wor - ry
 di - al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him bold - ly

Ful - ler eve - ry day; Per - fect yet it grow - eth
 Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry
 All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly

CHORUS.

Deep - er all the way. } Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,
 Touch the spir - it there.
 Find Him whol - ly true.

Perfect Peace. Concluded.

Hearts are ful - ly blest, Finding, as He promised, Per - fect peace and rest.

Work Song.

No. 52.

MASON.

1. } Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is spark - ling, [OMIT.] Work 'mid springing flowers;
 D.C. Work, for the night is com - ing, [OMIT.] When man's work is done.

1st. 2d. Fine.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun:

cres. D.C.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon;
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming;
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies;
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more:
 Work, while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

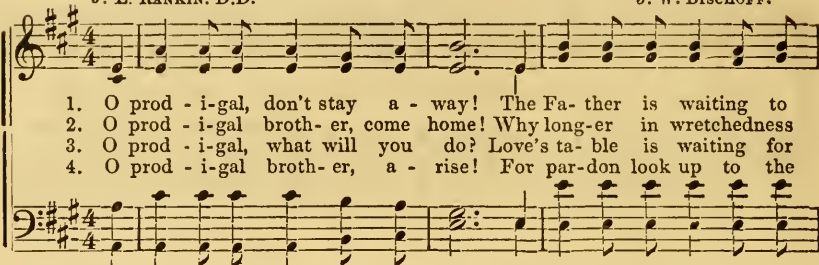
O Prodigal, don't stay away.

No. 53.

"I will arise and go unto my father." — Luke xv. 18.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

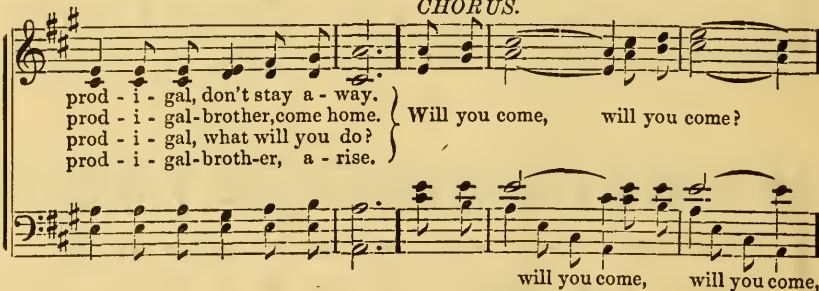


1. O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way! The Fa - ther is waiting to
 2. O prod - i - gal broth - er, come home! Why long - er in wretchedness
 3. O prod - i - gal, what will you do? Love's ta - ble is waiting for
 4. O prod - i - gal broth - er, a - rise! For par - don look up to the



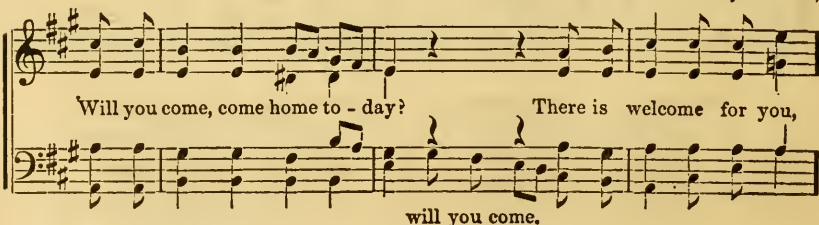
day, There's room and to spare, There is raiment to wear; O
 roam? You're lone - ly and lost, You are driv - en and tost; O
 you; For - giv - ness so sweet, Sure your com - ing will greet; O
 skies; No long - er then stray From thy Fa - ther, a - way; O

CHORUS.



prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way. } Will you come, will you come?
 prod - i - gal - brother, come home. }
 prod - i - gal, what will you do? }
 prod - i - gal - brother, a - rise. }

will you come, will you come,



Will you come, come home to - day? There is welcome for you,
 will you come.

O Prodigal! Concluded.

There's a kiss kind and true, Then, O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence.

Cast thy burden on the Lord.

No. 54.

R. HILL.

WARTENSEE.

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on his word.
 2. He sus - tains thee by his hand, He en - a - bles thee to stand,
 3. Heav'n and earth may pass a - way, God's free grace shall not de - cay;
 4. Je - sus! Guar - dian of thy flock, Be thy - self our constant Rock;

The musical score is in D minor (three flats) and 3/2 time. It features a four-part setting of the hymn, with the vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) clearly defined by their positions on the staves.

Thou wilt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faithfulness.
 Those whom Je - sus once hath loved, From his grace are never moved.
 He hath prom - ised to ful - fill All the pleasure of his will.
 Make us by thy power - ful hand, Strong as Zi - on's mountain stand.

This section continues the four-part setting in D minor and 3/2 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with the words 'e - ter - nal' and 'Zi - on's' hyphenated across lines.

Is it for me?

No. 55.

"O Thou whom my soul loveth." Cant. 1, 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Is it for me, dear Sav-iour, Thy glo-ry and Thy rest?
 2. Is it for me to lis-ten To Thy be-lov-ed voice,
 3. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, My heart is at Thy feet;
 4. Be-hold Thee in Thy beau-ty, Be-hold Thee face to face;

For me, so weak and sin-ful, Oh shall I thus be-blest'd?
 And hear its sweet-est mu-sic Bid e-ven me re-joice?
 I bless Thee and I love Thee, And Thee I long to meet.
 Be-hold Thee in Thy glo-ry, And reap Thy smile of grace;

Is it for me to see Thee In all Thy glo-rious grace,
 Is it for me, Thy wel-come, Thy gra-cious 'En-ter in'?
 A thrill of sol-emn glad-ness Has hushed my ve-ry heart,
 And be with Thee for-ev-er, And nev-er grieve Thee more!

And gaze in end-less rap-ture On Thy be-lov-ed face?
 For me Thy 'Come, ye bless-ed!' For me, so full of sin?
 To think that I shall real-ly Be-hold Thee as Thon art;
 Dear Sav-iour, I must praise Thee, And lov-ing-ly a-dore.

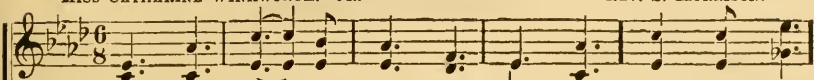
All my Heart this Night Rejoices.

59

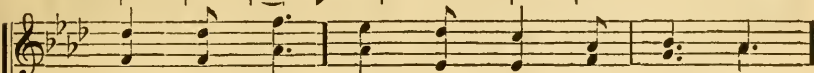
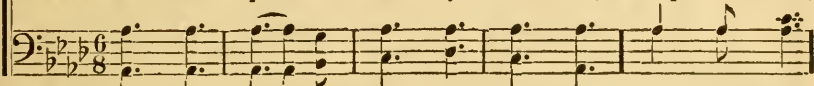
No. 56.

MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH. JR.

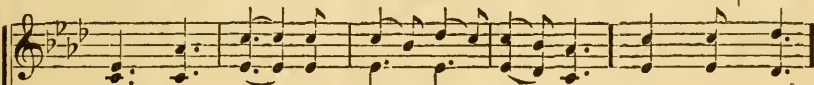
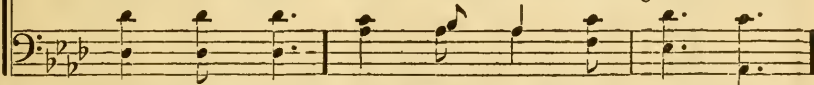
REV. S. MORRISON.



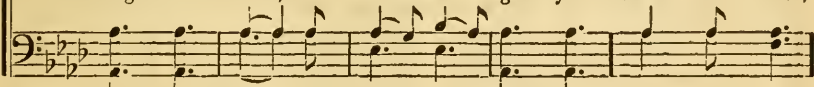
1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces As I hear,
2. Hark, a Voice from yon - der man - ger, Soft and sweet,
3. Come then, let us has - ten yon - der; Here let all,
4. Ye who pine in wea - ry sad - ness, Weep no more,



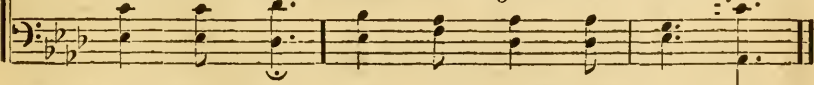
Far and near, Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces;
Doth en - treat, "Flee from woe and dan - ger;
Great and small, Kneel in awe and won - der;
For the door Now is found of glad - ness;



"Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air
Breth - ren, come; from all that grieves you You are freed;
Love Him who with love is yearning; Hail the Star
Cling to Him, for He will guide you Where no cross,



Ev' - ry - where, Now with joy is ring - ing.
All you need I will sure - ly give you."
That, from, far, Bright with hope is burn - ing.
Pain or loss, Can a - gain be - tide you.



5. Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee;
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

6. Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

Jesus I Come.

No. 57.

J. E. RANKIN D.D.

S. M.

1. Out of my dark-ness, in - to thy light, Out of my weak-ness in - to thy
 2. Out of my bondage, and sorrow, and strife, Into thy freedom, forgiveness and
 3. Out of death's horrors and madness and chains, Into life's comforts, and glories, and
 4. Out of my pride and perverseness of will, Free from that void which nothing can

might, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come, Out of my
 life, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come, Out of my
 gains, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come, Out of sin's
 fill, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come, Out of my

er - ror, in - to thy truth, Out of my guess-ing, in - to thy sooth,
 rest, to breathing thy balm, Out of my tu - mult, in - to thy calm;
 guilt, and ter - ror and gloom, Out of the re - gion and shade of the tomb,
 - self and in - to Thy own; In - to thy love from be - ing a - lone,

Out of my sickness in - to thy youth, Je - sus, I come, Jesus, I come.
 Out of my woes to song and to psalm, Je - sus, I come, Jesus, I come.
 Here, where the lost shall find there is room, Je - sus, I come, Jesus, I come.
 Late - ly so lost, now heir to a throne, Je - sus, I come, Jesus, I come.

Working for Jesus.

No. 58.

ANON.

MORRISON

1. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus, In this life's lit - tle day;
 2. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus, Be this our one de - sire,
 3. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus, While our weak spir - its rest
 4. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus, Oh, wea - ry not of this!

'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus, In this life's lit - tle day;

To spread a - round the "joy - ful sound," As those for - giv - en may:
 Our pur - pose still to do His will, What - ev - er He re - quire,
 In His own care, safe sheltered there, And with His presence blessed,
 But on - ward press with cheer - ful - ness, Though rough the pathway is,

Fine.

To spread a - round the joy - ful sound, As those for - giv - en may.

To tell His lov - ing kind - ness, His prom - is - es so true;
 No ac - tion is too low - ly, No work of love too small;
 In such calm, hap - py mo - ments, No great - er joy we know:
 Hold on unmoved and pa - tient, 'Till He shall call thee home,

D.C.

To urge the young, that they may come And trust this Saviour, too.
 If Christ but lead, we may, in - deed, Well fol - low such a call.
 Re - deemed from sin, we live for Him, To whom our all we owe.
 With joy to stand at God's right hand, To serve be - fore the throne.

If I wash in that Fountain.

No. 59.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY

1. Thy blood, O my Sa-viour, was poured out for me, So precious, so cost - ly, yet
 2. Tho' red as the crimson, like wool I shall be, If plunged 'neath the waves of this
 3. My faith would receive the re-demption I crave; The power to triumph o'er

offered so free, Tho' sins be as scar-let, this truth I would know, If I
 fathom- less sea; I come, O my Sa-viour, Where pure waters flow; If I
 death and the grave, To stand un - con - demned, for most surely I know If I

CHORUS.

wash in that fountain I shall be whit-er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

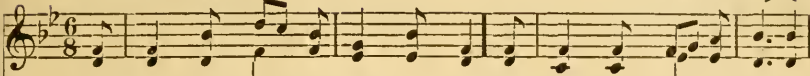
Whiter than snow; If I wash in that fountain I shall be whiter than snow.

I heard a Voice the Sweetest.

No. 60.

REV. PETER STEYKER.

MORRISON.



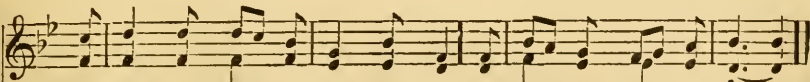
1. I heard a voice, the sweet - est voice That mor - tal ev - er heard;
 2. I saw his face, the fair - est face That mor - tal ev - er saw;
 3. I felt his love, the strong - est love That mor - tal ev - er felt;



Oh! how it made my heart re - joice, And eve - ry feel - ing stirred!
 I longed the Sa - viour to em - brace, From Him new life to draw.
 Oh! how it drew my soul a - bove, And made my hard heart melt!



'Twas Je - sus spoke to me so mild; He called me to his side,
 "Come un - to me," He kind - ly said, "And I will give thee rest;
 My bur - den at his feet I laid, And knew the joy of heaven.



And said, al - though with sin de - filed, I might in Him con - fide.
 The ran - som price I ful - ly paid, Re - pent! be - lieve! be blest!
 As in my will - ing ear he said, The blessed word "forgiv - en!"

Weary of Earth.

No. 61.

REV. S. J. STONE.

REV. S. MORRISON.

1. Wea - ry of earth and la - den with my sin,
 2. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear,
 3. 'Twas he who found me in the death - ly wild,
 4. Yea, thou wilt an - swer for me, right - eous Lord;

I look to heav'n and long to en - ter in,
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
 And made me heir of heav'n, the Fa - ther's child,
 Thine all the mer - its, mine the great re - ward;

But there no e - vil thing may find a home;
 And his the blood that can for all a - tone,
 And day by day where - by my soul may live,
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the gold - en crown,

And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
 And set me fault - less there be - fore the Throne.
 Gives me his grace of par - don, and will give.
 Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

God is Love.

No. 62.

G. BURDER.

REV. S. MORRISON.

1. Come ye that know and fear the Lord, And lift your souls a - bove;
 2. This pre - cious truth his word de - clares, And all his mercies prove;
 3. Be - hold his pa - tience, bear - ing long With those who from him rove;
 4. Oh may we all while here be - low, This best of blessings prove,

Let ev' - ry heart and voice ac - cord To sing that
 Je - sus, the gift of gifts ap - pears, To show that
 Till might - y grace their hearts sub - due, To teach them
 Till warm - er hearts in bright - er worlds, Proclaim that

“God is love.”

CHORUS.

Sing “God is love,” ye hosts a - bove And all ye saints be - low;

Lct ev' - ry thing sing “God is love,” Till all, His love shall know.

Our Hiding Place.

"A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind."—Isa. xxxii, 2.

J. E. RANKIN. D.D.

L. BERGE.

F.

1. There is a ref - uge now, I know, Where sin - ners such as I,
 2. Be - hold, be - hold that wondrous form, Where God and man do meet;
 3. In Christ, we see the Fa - ther's face, We see His face and live;
 4. Al - pha, O - me - ga, King and Lord; Our Friend and brother too;

D.S. is a ref - uge, now I know, Where sin - ners such as I *Fine,*

Who have no oth - er place to go, From sin and death may fly.
 This is our cov - ert from the storm: Our shad - ow from the heat.
 We touch the scep - ter of His grace; He gives what love can give.
 Our love to Him will we re - cord, Till come the heavens new.

Who have no oth - er place to go, From sin and death may fly.

Je - sus, our Lord, for man has died, Has died for you and me;
 Here is our Ref - uge. tow'ring high; The cleft wherein we stand,
 But, oh, it does not yet ap - pear, What glo - ry shall be ours,
 On earth we'll catch the se - raph song, And Ho - ly, Ho - ly, cry;

D.S.

The cleft with - in His wounded side, Our hid - ing place shall be. *There*
 And hear the tem - pest roll - ing by, Safe 'neath our Fa - ther's hand.
 When we be - hold our Je - sus here; Cloth'd with his royal pow'rs.
 Till it go up, one anthem long, And reach the list'ning sky.

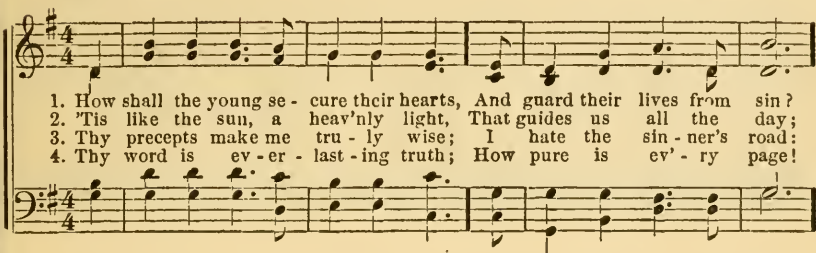
From "Gospel Bells," by per.

How shall the young secure their hearts?

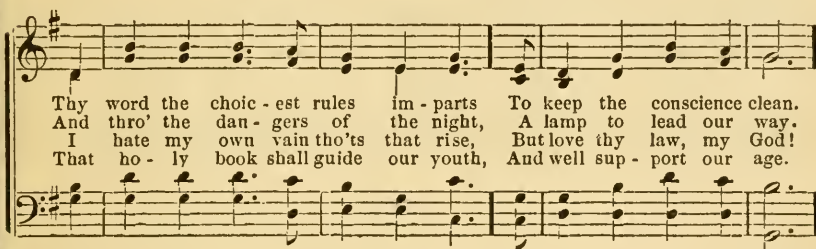
No. 64.

REV. I. WATTS.

REV. S. MORRISON

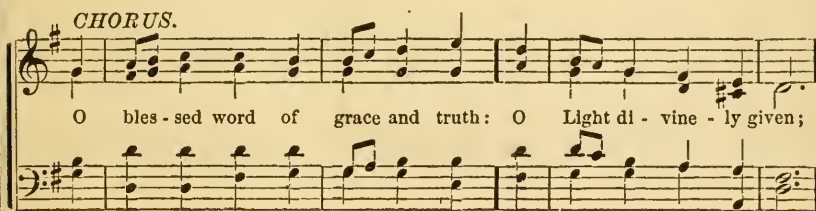


1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?
 2. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light, That guides us all the day;
 3. Thy precepts make me tru - ly wise; I hate the sin - ner's road;
 4. Thy word is ev - er - last - ing truth; How pure is ev' - ry page!

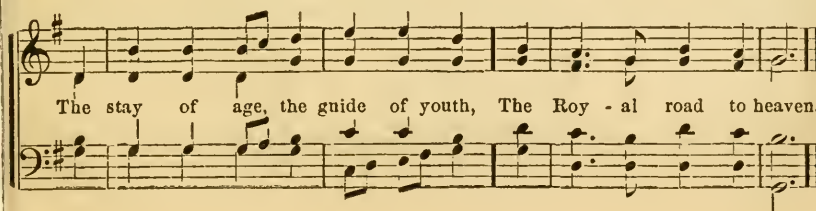


Thy word the choic - est rules im - parts To keep the conscience clean.
 And thro' the dan - gers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
 I hate my own vain tho'ts that rise, But love thy law, my God!
 That ho - ly book shall guide our youth, And well sup - port our age.

CHORUS.



O bles - sed word of grace and truth: O Light di - vine - ly given;



The stay of age, the guide of youth, The Roy - al road to heaven.

House of Many Mansions.

No. 65.

In my Father's house are many mansions. John, 14: 2.

O. R. BARROWS.

1. O house of man - y mansions, Thy doors are o - pen wide;
 2. O house of man - y mansions, My wea - ry spir - it waits;
 3. Thy walls are not of mar - ble, O house not built with hands;

And dear are all the fa - ces Up - on the oth - er side.
 And longs to join the ransomed Who en - ter thro' the gates;
 I sigh for thee while wait - ing With - in the bor - der lands;

Thy por - tals, they are gold - en, And those who en - ter in
 Who en - ter, thro' thy por - tals, The man - sions of the blest,
 I know that but in dy - ing Thy thresh - old is passed o'er;

Shall know no more of sor - row, Or wea - ri - ness or sin.
 Who come to thee a - wea - ry, And find in thee their rest.
 There shall be no more sor - row, In thy for - ev - er - more.

Precious is the Name of Jesus.

No. 66.

T. CORBEN. D.D.

S. MORRISON.

1. Precious is the name of Je- sus. Name all oth - er names a - bove;
 2. Precious is the name of Jesus, Breathed in prayer, or breathed in song;
 3. Precious is the name of Je- sus, To the anxious sin - ner's ear;
 4. Precious is the name of Je- sus, Precious, precious is his name!

Ev' - ry knee shall bow be - fore Him, Ev' - ry tongue shall speak His love.
 Sooth - ing all our griefs to si - lence, Waking raptures on each tongue.
 Wak - ing hope of peace and par - don. Dis - si - pa - ting eve - ry fear.
 Tell, oh, tell to all its sweetness; Let each heart a tribute frame.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sa - viour, pre - cious name! Precious is the name of Je - sus,

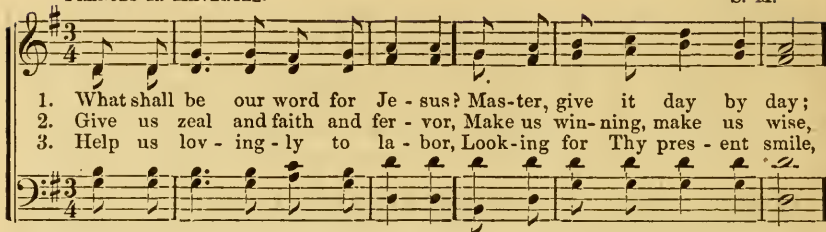
Thro' all a - ges still the same; Je - sus, Je - sus, precious Je - sus.

What shall be our Word for Jesus.

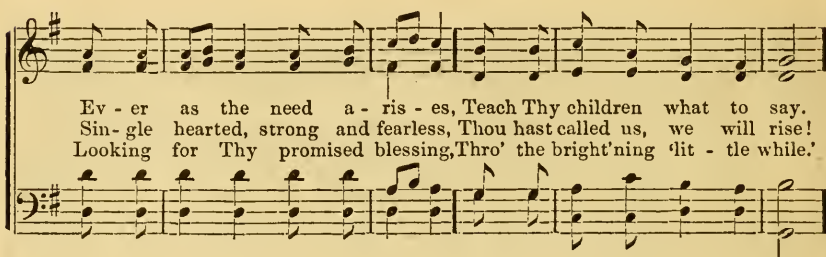
No. 67.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

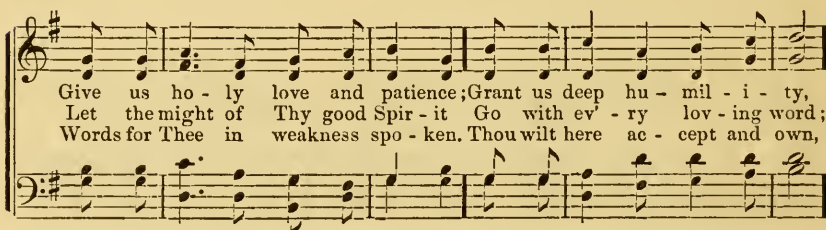
S. M.



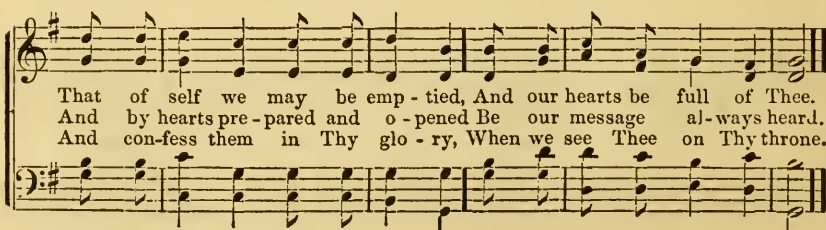
1. What shall be our word for Je - sus? Mas - ter, give it day by day;
 2. Give us zeal and faith and fer - vor, Make us win - ning, make us wise,
 3. Help us lov - ing - ly to la - bor, Look - ing for Thy pres - ent smile,



Ev - er as the need a - ris - es, Teach Thy children what to say.
 Sin - gle hearted, strong and fearless, Thou hast called us, we will rise!
 Looking for Thy promised blessing, Thro' the bright'ning 'lit - tle while.'



Give us ho - ly love and patience; Grant us deep hu - mil - i - ty,
 Let the might of Thy good Spir - it Go with ev - ry lov - ing word;
 Words for Thee in weakness spo - ken, Thou wilt here ac - cept and own,



That of self we may be emp - tied, And our hearts be full of Thee.
 And by hearts pre - pared and o - pened Be our message al - ways heard.
 And con - fess them in Thy glo - ry, When we see Thee on Thy throne.

They Stood Alone.

No. 68.

J. E. RANKIN. D.D.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. They stood a - lone our Pilgrim sires! Be - yond the waste of o - cean;
 2. They stood a - lone! They left be - hind The work of kings and sa - ges;
 3. They stood a - lone! God in them stirred! The seed-corn of the na - tions;
 4. Their faith was bet - ter than their sight, They knew the sure foun - da - tion:

'Mid win - t'ry wilds lit freedom's fires, To God paid their de - vo - tion.
 One per - feet tho't with - in their mind, The bloom of all the a - ges:
 Thro' faith in Him the step they heard Of com - ing gen - er - a - tions!
 They strug - gle for - ward towards the light; God makes them thus a na - tion,

The roof which arched them was the sky, God's light up - on their fa - ces;
 One per - feet tho't — that man is man: His Fa - ther, God a - bove him.
 They see the for - est wilds give way, They see the des - ert blos - som;
 Con - tent to be but stepping stones, Where the great Build - er lays them;

Their prayers and prais - es lift - ed high, Made glad the des - ert pla - ces.
 No king nor priest to mar His plan, They wor - ship best who love Him.
 The har - vests with their gold - en ray, Her gold gives up earth's ho - som.
 Their sim - ple faith He thus enthrones; Their work, their work shall praise them..

There is a Land of Pure Delight.

No. 69.

WATTS.

M.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 2. Sweet fields beyond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
 3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, These gloom-y doubts that rise,

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
 And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes.

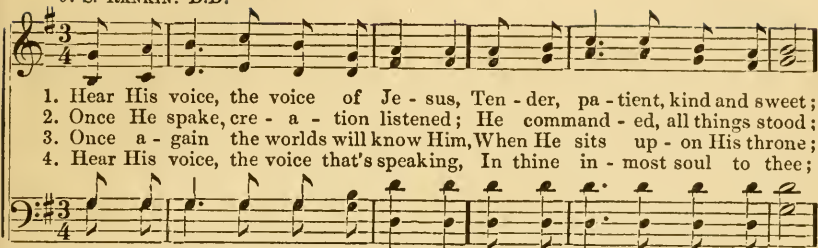
There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-ering flowers.
 But tim'-rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea;
 Could we but stand where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
 And lin-ger, shiv'-ring on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

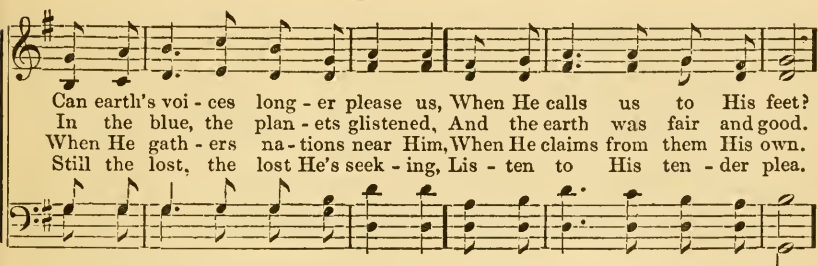
Hear His Voice.

No. 70.

J. S. RANKIN. D.D.

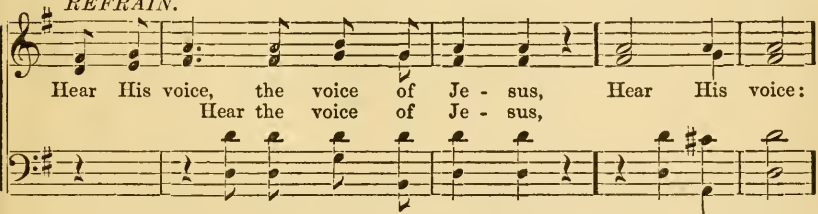


1. Hear His voice, the voice of Je - sus, Ten - der, pa - tient, kind and sweet;
 2. Once He spake, cre - a - tion listened; He command - ed, all things stood;
 3. Once a - gain the worlds will know Him, When He sits up - on His throne;
 4. Hear His voice, the voice that's speaking, In thine in - most soul to thee;




Can earth's voi - ces long - er please us, When He calls us to His feet?
 In the blue, the plan - ets glistened, And the earth was fair and good.
 When He gath - ers na - tions near Him, When He claims from them His own.
 Still the lost, the lost He's seek - ing, Lis - ten to His ten - der plea.

REFRAIN.



Hear His voice, the voice of Je - sus, Hear His voice:
 Hear the voice of Je - sus,



Hear His voice, the voice of Je - sus, Hear His voice.
 Hear the voice of Je - sus,


74 Thou know'st all Things, is it I?

No. 71.

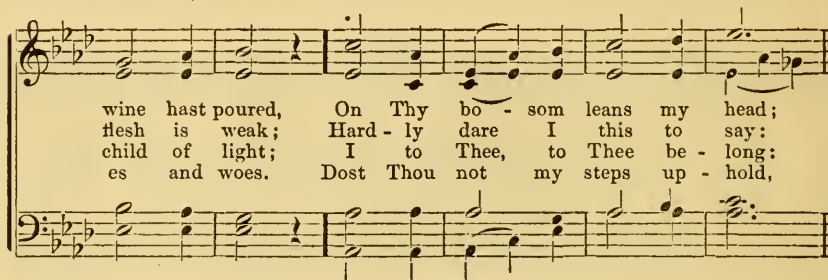
"And every one of them began to say unto Him, Lord, is it I?"—Matt. xxvi, 22.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

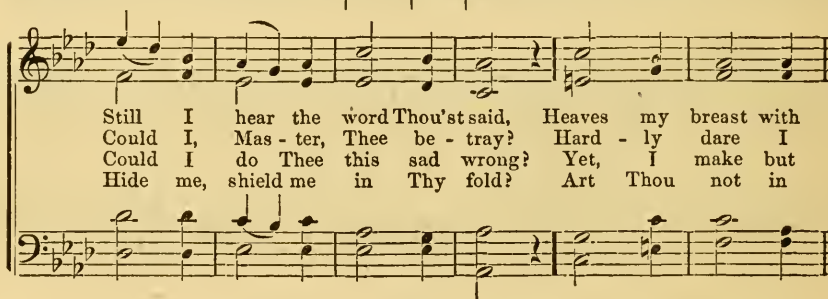
J. W. BISCHOFF.



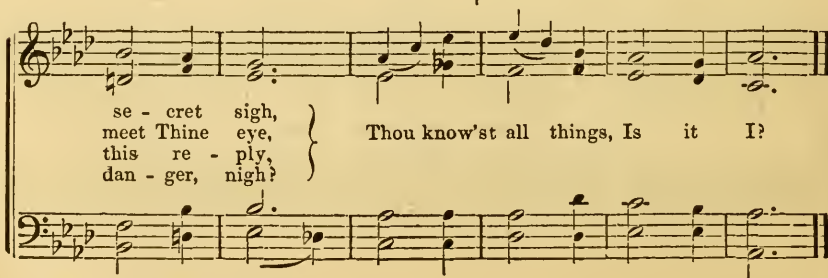
1. I am sit - ting at Thy board, Thou for me the
 2. Trembling - ly I hear Thee speak, For I know the
 3. Thou hast wash'd and made me white, Thou hast call'd me
 4. Yes, Thou know - est all my foes, All my weak - ness-



wine hast poured, On Thy bo - som leans my head;
 flesh is weak; Hard - ly dare I this to say:
 child of light; I to Thee, to Thee be - long;
 es and woes. Dost Thou not my steps up - hold,



Still I hear the word Thou'st said, Heaves my breast with
 Could I, Mas - ter, Thee be - tray? Hard - ly dare I
 Could I do Thee this sad wrong? Yet, I make but
 Hide me, shield me in Thy fold? Art Thou not in



se - cret sigh, } Thou know'st all things, Is it I?
 meet Thine eye,
 this re - ply,
 dan - ger, nigh?

No. 72.

I cannot do without Thee.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

S *****

1. I can-not do with-out thee, Je - sus, my blessed Lord, There is such charm about thee,
 2. I can-not do with-out thee, Thy precious blood alone, Can wash a - way transgression,
 3. I can-not do with-out thee, I have but little strength; So eas-i - ly dis-couraged,
 4. I can-not do with-out thee, My feet still go as - tray; In by-paths of-ten wander,

Such sweetness to thy word, Where'er I go I need thee. To guide me, guard me, feed me,
 And for my sin a - tone: Once cru-ci-fied to save me, With-in thy keeping have me,
 So faint of heart, at length; When ills and woes beset me, Do not, O Lord, for-get me,
 And lose the narrow way. The way to walk re - veal me; And by thy Spirit seal me,

CHORUS.

I cannot do with-out thee, Je - sus my blessed Lord. I can-not do with-out thee,

Je-sus my blessed Lord, There is such charm about thee, Such sweetness to thy word.

Jesus is the Promised King.

No. 73.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

S. M.

1. Je - sus is the promised King, Him I will ex - tol;
 2. Je - sus is my hid - ing place From the wrath of foes,
 3. He's my foun - tain, I re - ceive Wa - ter from His hand;
 4. Je - sus doth my sight re - new And my hear - ing heal,

Truth and judg - ment He will bring, Crown Him Lord of all.
 He's my cov - ert in dis - tress When the tem - pest blows.
 He, my Rock, doth shad - ow give In a thirst - y land.
 And the way of wis - dom true Doth to me re - veal.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to my King; He hath loosed my tongue,

Hal - le - lu - jah, I will sing Ev - er - more this song.

Never more.

No. 74.

DR. H. BONAR.

J. H. TENNEY, by per

1. This is not my place of rest - ing: Mine's a ci - ty yet to come;
 2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a nightless day;
 3. There the Lamb, our Shep - herd, leads us By the streams of life a - long,

On - ward to it I am hast - ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.
 Ev' - ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse hath passed a - way.
 On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.

Nev - er - more, nev - er - more, nev - er - more be sad and wea - ry,
 Nev - er - more, nev - er - more, nev - er - more,

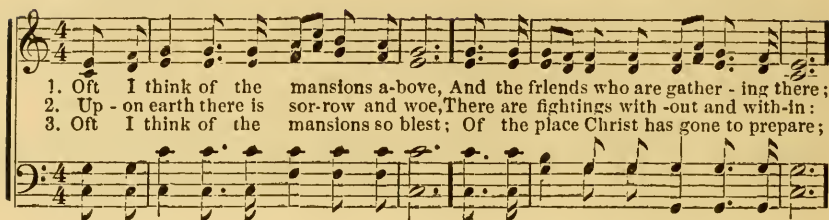
Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more, nev - er - more, nev - er - more to sin a - gain.
 Nev - er - more.

Oft I think of the Mansions Above.

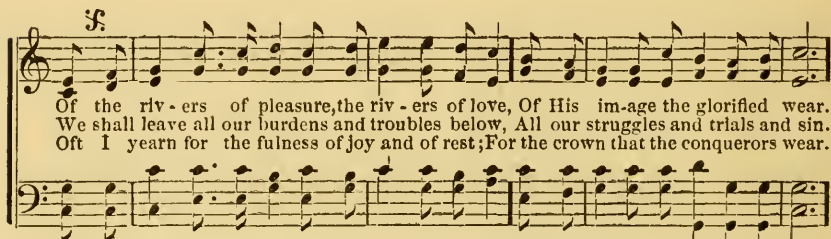
No. 75.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

REV. S. MORRISON.



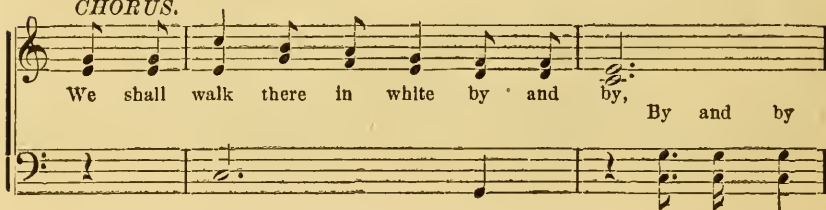
1. Oft I think of the mansions a-bove, And the friends who are gather - ing there;
 2. Up - on earth there is sor-row and woe, There are fightings with - out and with - in;
 3. Oft I think of the mansions so blest; Of the place Christ has gone to prepare;



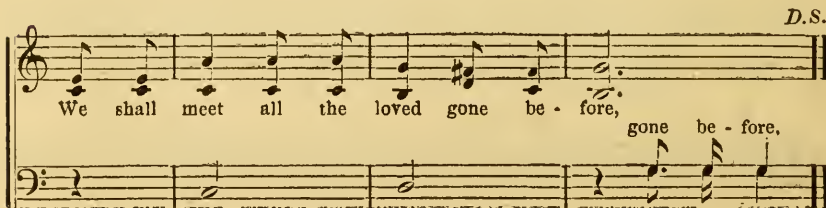
Of the riv - ers of pleasure, the riv - ers of love, Of His im-age the glorified wear.
 We shall leave all our burdens and troubles below, All our struggles and trials and sin.
 Oft I yearn for the fulness of joy and of rest; For the crown that the conquerors wear.

Where they grieve not nor sigh, where they pine not nor die; Where they reign there in light evermore.

CHORUS.



We shall walk there in white by and by, By and by



We shall meet all the loved gone be - fore, gone be - fore.

D.S.

Clinging to the Cross.

No. 76.

DR. T. C. UPHAM.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. O Fath - er, let me bear the cross; Make it my dai - ly food,
 2. Take house and lands and earth - ly fame; To all I am re - sign'd;
 3. I know it costs me ma - ny tears, But they are tears of bliss,

Though with it thou dost send the loss Of ev' - ry earth - ly good.
 But let me make one ear - nest claim; Leave, leave the cross be - hind.
 And moments there out - weigh the years Of sel - fish hap - pi - ness.

I am clinging,
 CHORUS.

I am clinging.

Yes, I'm clinging to the cross,

I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, Yes I'm clinging, clinging to the cross,

I am clinging,

I am clinging,

Yes, I'm clinging to the cross.

I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, Yes, I'm clinging to the cross.

Friend Thou of the Friendless.

No. 77.

J. E. R.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Friend thou of the friendless, Saviour of the lost; Great thy love and endless,
 2. O could I be friend thee, Give thee some re- lief; Suc- cor could I send thee,
 3. Friend thou of the friendless, I thy friend would be; Love thee with love endless,

Ah! its bit- ter cost, There I see thee dy - ing, Hear thy lone - ly cry,
 Com- fort in thy grief! There I see thee lan- guish; See thee droop and die:
 Through e- ter - ni - ty: Though thy foes as - sail thee, there 'twixt earth and sky;

Refrain.

And no voice re- ply - ing From the darkened sky. }
 Take thy cup of an - guish, Friend, nor helper nigh. } Friend thou of the friendless,
 Ne'er should sinner fail thee, Sin- ner such as I }

Saviour of the lost; Great thy love and end - less, Ah! its bit- ter cost.

The new Song.

No. 78.

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

S. * * * * *

1. There is a song I want to sing, Or want to learn to sing;
 2. I want to sing while yet on earth, The ten - der, thank - ful strain;
 3. And well I love, I know I love, Though not as well as they,

It is a song of praise to thee Je - sus my Lord and King.
 Of saints, who, glad - ly near the throne, Make thee their song's re - frain;
 Thee, bles - sed Je - sus whom I praise Feeb - ly on earth to - day;

Oh, teach me all its var - ied notes, Its hid - den mel - o - dy,
 For though I am not yet a saint, And though my prais - es ring
 While there's a song I want to sing, Or want to learn to sing;

'Till I have learned to sing by heart This song of praise to thee.
 From an en - cumbered, earth - ly soul, I love the strains they sing.
 A bless - ed song of love to thee, Je - sus my Lord and King.

He comes to Save.

No. 79.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

S. M.

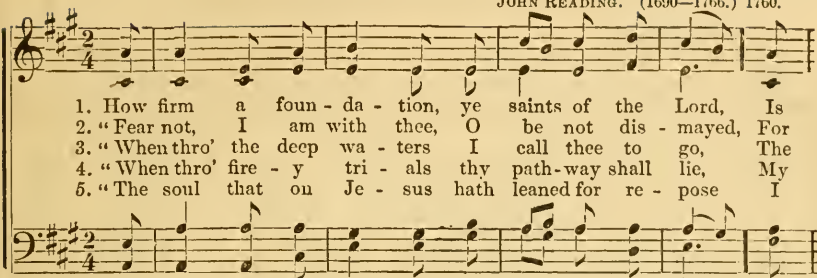
1. Be - hold the Lamb of God! He comes to save;
 2. Ye fear - ful souls draw near, He comes to save;
 3. He comes thy love to win, He comes to save;

Be - hold his streaming blood! He comes to save.
 Ye dy - ing sin - ners, hear; He comes to save.
 He comes to con - quer sin; He comes to save.

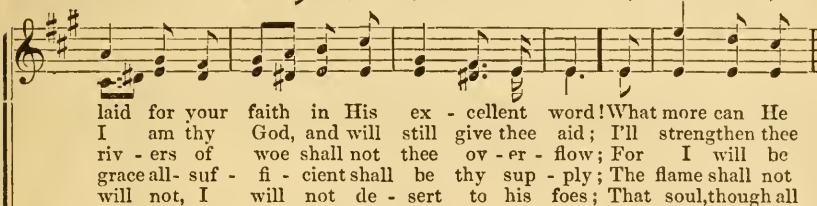
Ye who for heal - ing sigh, Ye who for mer - cy cry,
 He comes to save the lost, On rag - ing bil - lows tossed,
 He comes to crush thy foe, The path of life to show,

Je - sus is pass - ing by; } He comes to save.
 Not count - ing on the cost; }
 And res - cue thee from woe; }

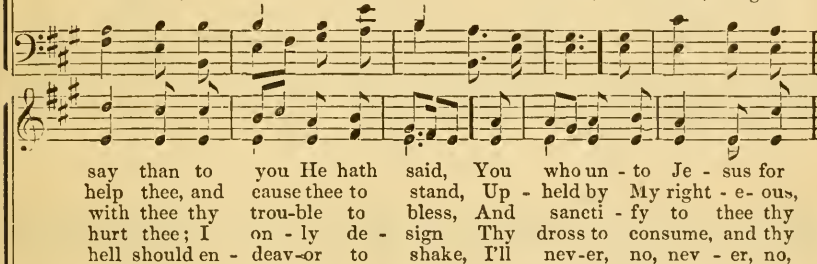
JOHN READING. (1690—1766.) 1760.



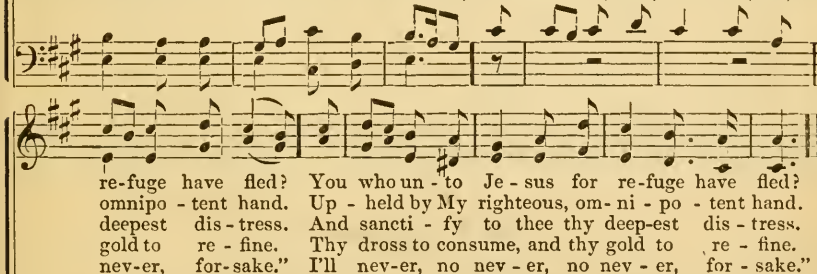
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
 4. "When thro' fire - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My
 5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I



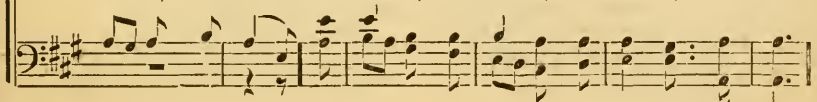
laid for your faith in His ex - cellent word! What more can He
 I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee
 riv - ers of woe shall not thee ov - er - flow; For I will be
 grace all - suf - fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not
 will not, I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all



say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right - e - ous,
 with thee thy trou - ble to bless, And sancti - fy to thee thy
 hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to consume, and thy
 hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no,



re - fuge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled?
 omni - po - tent hand. Up - held by My righteous, om - ni - po - tent hand.
 deepest dis - tress. And sancti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 gold to re - fine. Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine.
 nev - er, for - sake." I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er, for - sake."

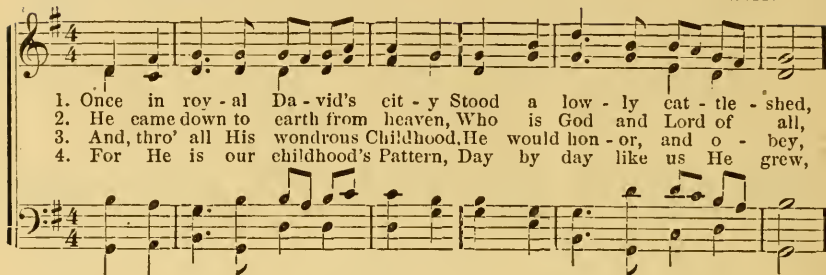


Once in Royal David's City.

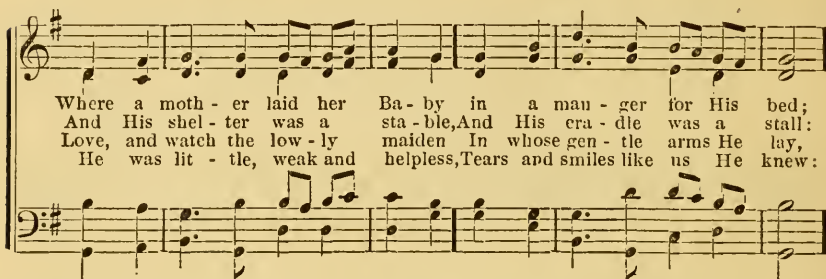
No. 81.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

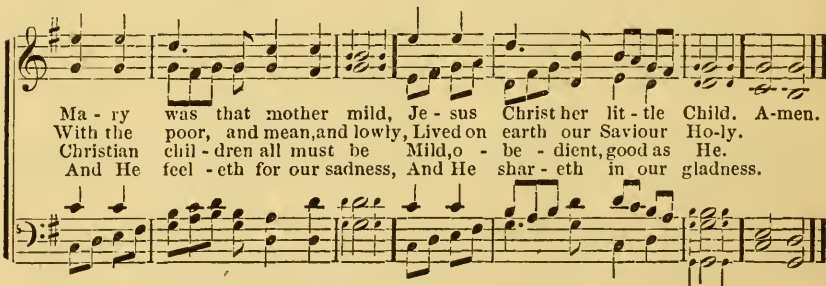
GAUNTLETT.



1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
 2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
 3. And, thro' all His wondrous Childhood, He would hon - or, and o - bey,
 4. For He is our childhood's Pattern, Day by day like us He grew,



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by in a mau - ger for His bed;
 And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall:
 Love, and watch the low - ly maiden In whose gen - tle arms He lay,
 He was lit - tle, weak and helpless, Tears and smiles like us He knew:



Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour Ho - ly.
 Christian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He.
 And He feel - eth for our sadness, And He shar - eth in our gladness.

"Thy Holy Child Jesus."

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in Heaven above;
 And He leads his children on
 To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
 Set at God's Right Hand on high;
 When like stars His children crowned
 All in white shall wait around. Amen.

Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

No. 82.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4:8.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 golden crowns a - round the glass - ly sea; Cher - u - bim and Seraphim
 sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee Perfect in pow'r, in love, and pur - ri - ty.
 Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

The Palace of the King.

No. 83.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

A. J. ABBEY.

*Andante.**cres.*

1. I can - not here content me, Tho' oft I speak in song; For blessings God has sent me
 2. I of - ten have the vis - ion Of un - seen things before; Of sights and joys elysi - an,
 3. As oft, the ex - ile banished From home and native land; I long for those who've vanished
 4. Ah! yes, I of - ten pin - ing A - long this earth'y road, To reach the cit - y shining,

mp *mf*
 And for life He does prolong; My faith is growing clear - er, And time is on the wing;
 On that fair ce les - tial shore, I of - ten catch the splendor From some bright angel wing
 And who tread no more earth's strand, Who've joined the congregation, The same sweet song that sing
 Coming out of Heav'n from God, To reach the pearly por - tal, Where Christ will surely bring;

mp *cres.* *rit.* *Refrain.*
 And eve - ry day I'm near - er To the palace of the King, The palace of the King.
 Who comes on errand tender, From the palace of the King, The palace of the King.
 From eve - ry tribe and na - tion In the palace of the King, The palace of the King.
 To reach the walks im - mor - tal, And the palace of the King, The palace of the King.

mf *ritard.*
 The palace of the King, And eve - ry day I'm near - er to the palace of the King!

Who is on the Lord's side?

No. 84.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

S. . .

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers,
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the army,
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own lifeblood,

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Rise the war - rior-psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died;
 For Thy di - a - dem, With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee.

Response.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By thy call of mercy,
 He whom Jes-us nameth Must be on His side. By Thy love constraining,
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand redemption,

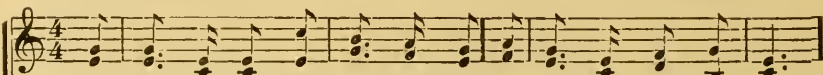
By thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are Thine.

They talked of Jesus.


No. 85.

THOMAS GREENFIELD.

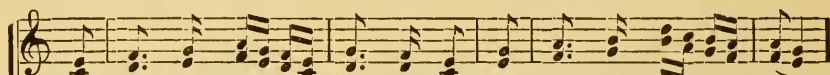
M * * * *



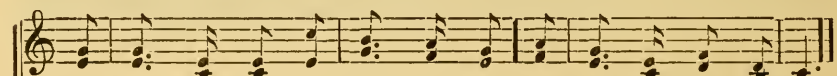
1. They talked of Je - sus as they went, And Je - sus all un-known
 2. He would have left them, but that they With prayers his love assailed;
 3. And thus at times, as Christians talk of Je - sus and his word,
 4. And they that woo his vis - its sweet, And will not let Him go,



Did at their side him - self present With sweetness all His own.
 "De - part not yet! a lit - tle stay!" They pressed Him, and prevailed.
 He joins two friends a - midst their walk, And makes, un - seen, a third.
 Oft, while his brok - en bread they eat, His soul - felt presence know:



Swift as He oped the sa - cred word His glo - ry they discerned;
 And Je - sus was reveal - ed, as there He blessed and brake the bread;
 And O how sweet their converse flows! Their ho - ly theme how clear!
 His gathered friends He loves to meet, And fill with joy their faith,



And swift, as his dear voice they heard, Their hearts with-in them burned.
 Bnt while they marked his heav - en - ly air, The matchless Guest had fled.
 How warm with love each bos - om glows, If Je - sus be but near!
 While they with melt - ing hearts re - peat The memory of his death.

Is It There? Written There.

No. 86.

"Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—REV. xxi, 27.

J. S. RANKIN. D.D.

E. S. LOENZ.

1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth or the pride of birth;
 2. I do not ask for a glorious name, That is written high on the scroll of Fame;
 3. I do not ask that my earthly life Should be free from burdens, and cares and strife;
 4. I'd give up all that I hope below, All that time can give, or the world bestow,

Be this, the rath - er, my one great care; In the Book of Life, that my name is there.
 Be this, the rath - er, con - cern of mine, To insure it there, in that Book divine.
 Nor that its cur - rent have tranquil flow, If but this one thing, I may sure - ly know.
 If when the Lord in His kingdom come, He will know me then, and will take me home.

CHORUS.

In the Book of Life, on those pages fair, Do the angels see that my name is there

In the Book of Life, on those pages fair, Is it there? writ - ten there?
 Is it there? written there?

Come, O come to the Mercy-Seat.

No. 87.

J. E. RANKIN. D. D.

S *****

1. Come, O come to the mer-cy-seat Thou who art so un - blest; Cast thee down at the
 2. Come, O come to the mer cy-seat Breathe thou, O breathe its balm: Come and take then for-
 3. Wounded once was thy Lord for thee, He all thy grief has borne; Here He hung on the

Saviour's feet, Sure He will give thee rest, Why wilt thou bear thy burden still?
 giveness sweet, He all thy grief shall calm, Why wilt thou wander still ublest,
 cru - el tree, Died 'mid a - buse and scorn; But tho' ascend-ed up on high,

Why drink thy cup of woe? Je - sus has said, "Whosoever will;" Elsewhere thou canst not go
 Thou who art sick of sin? Why wilt thou bear this troubled breast? Come, and have peace within
 He can thy sorrow heal; Draw to the mer - cy - seat, then nigh, Here for forgiveness kneel

CHORUS.

Come. O come to the mer - cy - seat, Thou who art so un - blest;

Come, O come to the Mercy-seat. Concluded.

Cast thee down at the Sav-iour's feet, Sure He will give thee rest.

Jesus, thou Joy of loving Hearts !

No. 88.

RAY PALMER. TR.

S. M.

1. Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of
 2. Thy truth un - changed hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est
 3. We taste thee, O thou Liv - ing Bread, And long to

Life! thou Light of men! From the best bliss that
 those that on thee call: To them that seek thee,
 feast up - on thee still; We drink of thee, the

earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to thee a - gain.
 thou art good. To them that find thee— All in All!
 Foun - tain Head, And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,—
 Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

He knows His Own.

No. 89.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. He knows His own, Jehov-ah, Jehov-ah knows His own, Nor will He give them
 2. He knows His own, Jehov-ah, He knows their path of tears Them back He will re-
 3. He knows His own, Jehov-ah, And He will give them rest, When this brief life is
 4. He knows His own, Jehov-ah, Jehov-ah knows His own And tho' each friend and

o-ver, Or let them be o'erthrown. His wings of love their cov-er
 cov-er From all their doubts and fears. Whene'er their foot-steps wander
 o-ver, In Heav'n a-mong the blest He'll clothe them with the raiment
 lov-er On earth may them dis-own, There's nothing that can move them,

To shield them from all harm, He knows His own Jehov-ah, Their names are on His
 He'll bring them to the fold, With pen-i-tence to ponder His faithfulness of
 Made white in Jesus blood; For all earth's shame give payment, And make them priests to
 Or from His care can rend, For He who's sworn to love them, Will love them to the

palm. He knows His own Je-hov-ah, Their names are on His palm.
 old. With pen-i-tence to pon-der His faithful-ness of old.
 God. For all earth's shame give payment, And make them priests to God.
 end. For He who's sworn to love them, Will love them to the end.

He lives again.

No. 90.

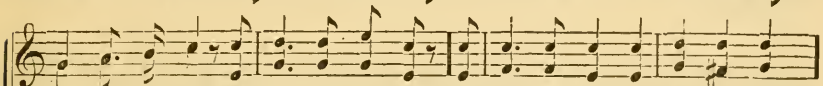
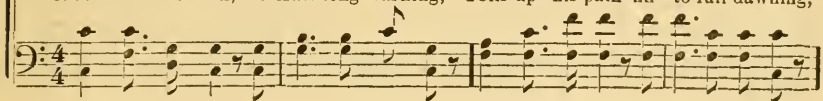
AN EASTER HYMN.

J. E. RANKIN. D.D.

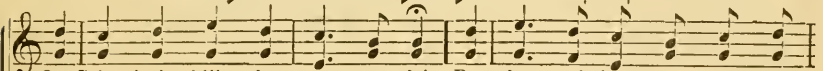
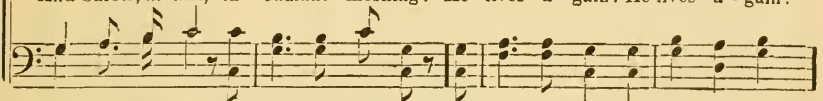
KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

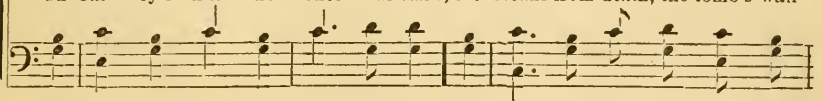
1. Up, up, my heart all nature's springing, Up, up, my heart, spring-birds are singing,
 2. Not long His death did hell em - bol - den, Of death, thy Lord could not be holden;
 3. As when the sun, the East long warning, Toils up his path un - to full dawning,



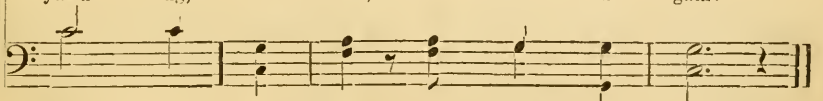
Up, up, my heart, church-bells are ringing. He lives a - gain! He lives a - gain!
 Greet thou with song this memory gold - en. He lives a - gain! He lives a - gain!
 And bursts, at last, in radiant morning: He lives a - gain! He lives a - gain!



On Cal - v'ry's hill who once was slain; Be thou of joy thy trib - ute
 On Cal - v'ry's hill who once was slain; Take up this song of triumph
 On Cal - v'ry's hill who once was slain; He breaks from death, the tomb's wall



bring - ing, He lives, He lives a - gain!
 old - en, He lives, He lives a - gain!
 yawn - ing, He lives, He lives a - gain!



- 4 The first fruits He, of earth's departed,
 Come forth to cheer the broken-hearted,
 To wipe the tears that grief had started.
 He lives again! He lives again!
 On Calv'ry's hill who once was slain:
 Greet him aloud, mortals, glad-hearted!
 He lives, He lives again!

- 5 Up, up, my heart, all nature's springing,
 Up, up, my heart, spring-birds are singing,
 Up, up, my heart, Church-bells are ringing,
 He lives again! He lives again!
 On Calv'ry's hill who once was slain:
 Be thou of joy thy tribute bringing,
 He lives! He lives again!

O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

No. 91.

Whom having not seen ye love. 1 Pet. 1: 8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

S. M.

1. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Whom yet un-seen we love;
 2. O Bringer of sal-va-tion, Who wonderous-ly hath wrought.
 3. In Thee all ful-ness dwell-eth, All grace and power di-vine;
 4. Oh grant the con-sum-ma-tion, Of this our song a-bove,

O name of might and fav-or, All oth-er names a-bove:
 Thy-self the rev-e-la-tion, Of love be-yond our thought:
 The glo-ry that ex-cel-eth, O Son of God is Thine:
 In end-less ad-or-a-tion, And ev-er-last-ing love:

CHORUS.

1. 2. 3. We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a-lone we sing;
 4. Then shall we praise and bless Thee, Where per-fect prais-es ring,

We praise Thee, and con-fess Thee, Our glor-ious Lord and King!
 4. And ev-er-more con-fess Thee, Our Sav-iour and our King!

Ewing. 7s & 6s.

No. 92.

The New Jerusalem.

Tr by REV. JOHN MASON NEALE.

EWING

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;

I know not, Oh! I know not What joy a - waits me there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The daylight is se - rene;
 And they who, with their lea - der, Have conquered in the fight.

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bles - sed Are decked in glorious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

How can I but love Him?

No. 93.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—I JOHN iv. 19.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. So ten - der, so pre - cious My Sav - iour to me; So true, and so
 2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly Tow'rd all of my ways: I blun - der so
 3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is He: His love is the
 4. His beau - ty, tho' bleeding And cir - cled with thorns; Is then most ex -

REFRAIN.

gra - cious, I've found Him to be.
 blind - ly, He love still re - pays. } How can I but love Him? But
 rar - est, That ev - er can be.
 ceed - ing: For grief Him a - dorns.

love Him, but love Him? There's no friend a - bove Him, poor sin - ner, for thee.

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

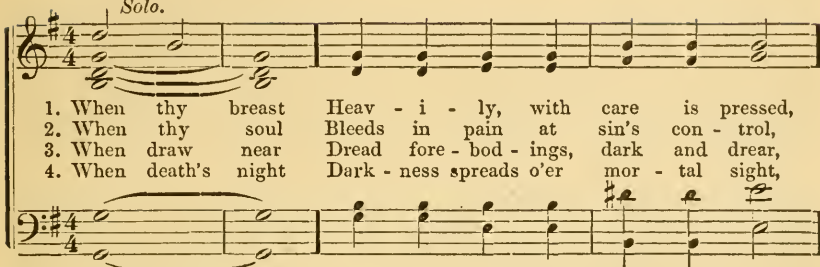
Jesus Whispers.

No. 94.

REV. W. F. SLEEPER.

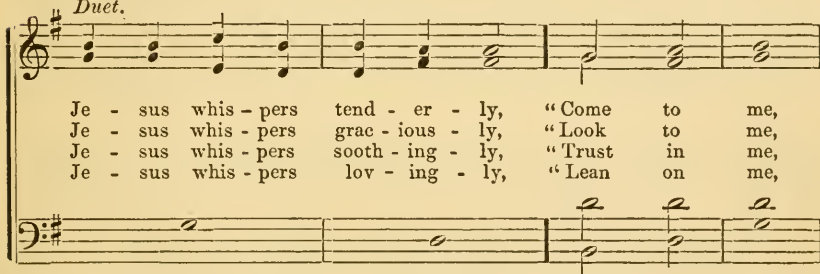
S. M.

Solo.

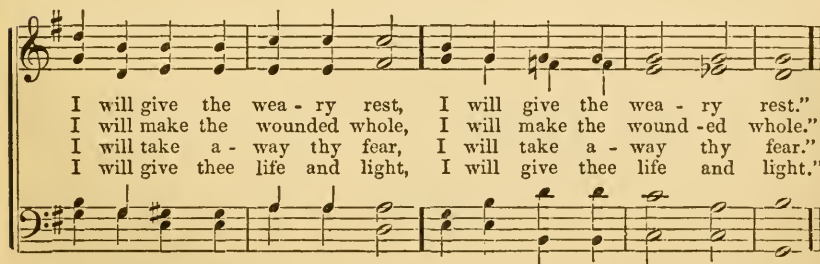


1. When thy breast Heav - i - ly, with care is pressed,
 2. When thy soul Bleeds in pain at sin's con - trol,
 3. When draw near Dread fore - bod - ings, dark and drear,
 4. When death's night Dark - ness spreads o'er mor - tal sight,

Duet.



Je - sus whis - pers tend - er - ly, "Come to me,
 Je - sus whis - pers grac - ious - ly, "Look to me,
 Je - sus whis - pers sooth - ing - ly, "Trust in me,
 Je - sus whis - pers lov - ing - ly, "Lean on me,



I will give the wea - ry rest, I will give the wea - ry rest."
 I will make the wounded whole, I will make the wound - ed whole."
 I will take a - way thy fear, I will take a - way thy fear."
 I will give thee life and light, I will give thee life and light."

Have you not a Word for Jesus.

No. 95.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Not a word to say for Him?
 2. He has spok - en words of blessing, Par-don, peace, and love to you,
 3. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Will the world His praise pro - claim?
 4. Yes, we have a word for Je - sus! We will bravely speak for thee,

He is list'ning thro' the cho - rus Of the burning ser - a - phim!
 Glor - ious hopes and gra - cious com - fort, Strong and ten - der, sweet and true;
 Who shall speak if you are si - lent? You who know and love His name.
 And Thy bold and faith - ful soldiers, Saviour, we would henceforth be;

He is list - 'ning; does He hear you Speaking of the things of earth,
 Does He hear you tell - ing oth - ers Something of His love un - told,
 You, whom He hath called and chos - en His own wit - ness - es to be,
 In Thy name set up our banner, While Thine own shall wave a - bove,

On - ly of its pass - ing pleasure, Sel - fish sor - row, empt - y mirth?
 O - ver - flow - ings of thauk - giv - ing For His mercies man - i - fold,
 Will you tell your grac - ious Mas - ter, Lord, we can - not speak for Thee?
 With Thy crim - son name of mer - cy, And Thy gold - en name of Love.

For Jesus' Sake.

No. 96.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

* * * *

1. When thou wouldst seek thy God, And thy pe - ti - tions make?
 2. When sor - row pres - ses sore, Thy heart a - bout to break;
 3. When quickened con - science blames, And guil - ty fears a - wake,
 4. When Death is stand - ing near, Thy breath a - bout to take,
 5. When heaven is gained at last, And we our harps shall take,

With hum - ble faith and reverence bow And pray for Je - sus' sake.
 Then flee to God for all thy help, And pray for Je - sus' sake.
 Go to thy God for pardoning grace, And pray for Je - sus' sake.
 Look up to God to save thy soul, And pray for Je - sus' sake.
 The ev - er - last - ing song will be, 'Twas all for Je - sus' sake.

CHORUS.

A - men for Je - sus' sake Is all the plea we make;

To God be glo - ry, hon - or, praise, A - men for Je - sus' sake.

Resignation.

No. 97.

WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In - to thy hand of love
 2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
 3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me: Each changing fu - ture scene,

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or thro' joy Con - duct me
 Grow dim or dis - ap - pear: Since thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed
 I gladly trust with thee: Then to my home a - bove I trav - el

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
 oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!
 calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done!

Speak it Out.

No. 98.

R * * * *

O. F. PRESBERT. By per.

1. If thou art a friend of Je - sus, Speak it out to all the world.
 2. If thou art a friend of Je - sus, Learn to glo - ry in His name,

Speak it out. Continued.

Nev - er fear to show thy colors, Bold - ly let them be unfurled.
He, for thee, be - came in - carnate; He for thee took death and shame;

Nev - er fear to make con - fes - sion, Nev - er fear to own His love,
He for thee made good con - fes - sion, In that Gen - tile judgment hall;

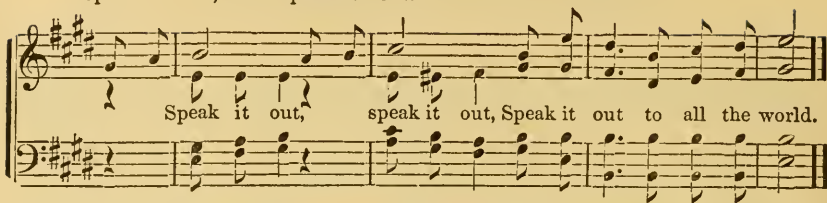
Lift His stand - ard high and high - er, Eve - ry - where de - fend His cause.
Ah! proud soul, had He de - nied thee—Tell thy debt a - loud to all.

CHORUS.

If thou art a friend of Je - sus Speak it out to all the world:

Speak it Out. Concluded.

Speak it out, Speak it out.

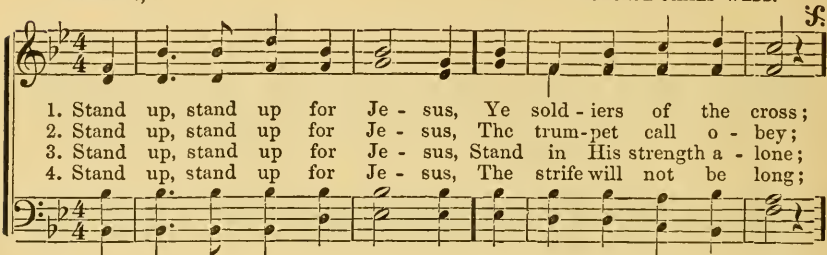
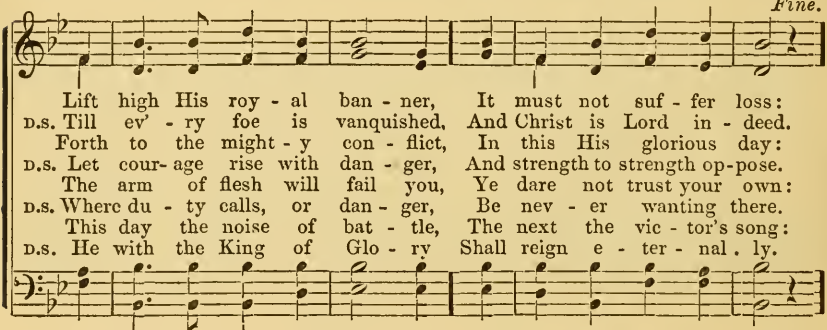
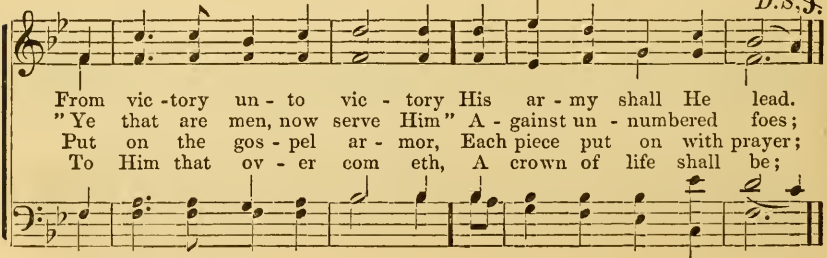


Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

No. 99.

WEBB. 7, 6.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

*Fine.**D.S.;*

Soul, arise! and give Christ Room.

No. 100.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

REV. S. MORRISON.

1. Soul, a - rise! and give Christ room; Not a - lone thy days in gloom;
 2. Give thy bright - est, noblest powers; Give thy pur - est, sweetest hours;
 3. Then 'twill be His time to give More then mor - tal can conceive;

Not when sinks the set - ting sun; Not when all thy work is done.
 Give thy will, thy mind, thy heart; Give to Je - sus all thou art.
 Rooms with - in His mansions fair, Where all pre - cious blessings are.

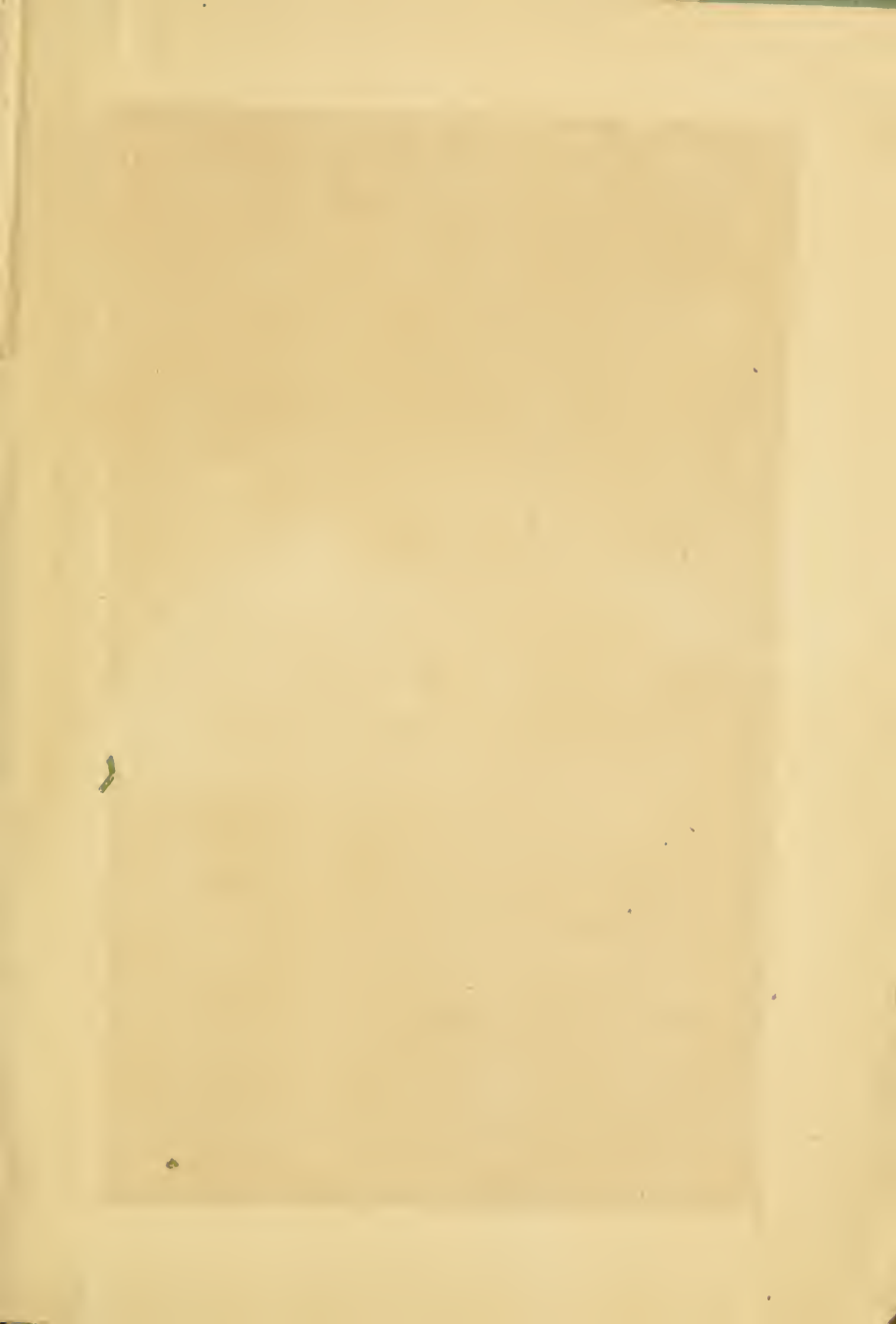
CHORUS.

Room for Je - sus, give Him room! Op - en wide each heart and home!

Let His ban - ner be unfurled, Thro' the king - doms of the world!

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